THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,
NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

DEVOTED TO PURE LITERATURE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE, HUMOR, &c.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1861.

{ ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821.
WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, [illegible]. }

IN A YEAR.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY AUGUST BELL.

It was the Spring-time and the fields were green,—
I wandered in the light with heart aglow,
I dreamed sweet dreams, and was a very queen
Since Love had crowned me, and had called me so.
It was the Spring-time when the flowers must grow!

It was the Summer, and the air was full
Of a strange sweetness, music and perfume;
My love and I walked in the shadows cool,
And Passion's purple glorified our doom.
It was the Summer when the flowers must bloom.

It was the Autumn, and the Earth was sad,
The leaves were falling and the fields were brown,—
I lost one day the Love-given crown I had,
And evermore I sought for it alone.
And it was Autumn when flowers must begone.

It is the Winter,—winds are bleak and loud,—
The fields look very dreary in the snow,
Reminding me of my swift coming shroud,
For when the Life dream dies, Life too should go.
Since it is Winter, dead flowers cannot grow!

THE MYSTERY;

OR,

The Recollections of Anne Hereford.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS," "DANESBURY HOUSE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

"How is Lady Chandos to-night?" I asked, by way of turning the conversation.

"Quite well, thank you," was the abstracted answer.

"Quite well!" I repeated in amazement: and the tone aroused him.

"I beg your pardon: I was thinking of something else. My mother? she is about the same: neither better nor worse."

But now the strangest incident was to occur, an alarming incident; nay, I would rather call it a scene. Mrs. Penn came gliding into the room, her manner flurried and hasty.

"Mr. Chandos!" she uttered in a rapid tone, "do you know that there are mounted police outside the house?"

He rose up from his seat, looking at her as if he thought she must be dreaming.

"Mounted police!" he echoed.

"They are riding quietly up, three of them; I saw their sabres flash in the star-light. I had gone to the library to get a book for Mrs. Chandos, and caught sight of them from the window. Oh, Mr. Chandos, what is the matter? what have they come for? Mounted police—as I have heard—only attend in dreadful cases, such as murder."

I had seen Mr. Chandos turn pale before; you have heard me say so; but I never saw a tinge so livid in man or woman as that which overspread his countenance now. He retained nevertheless his self-possession; ay, and that quiet tone of command which might not be gainsaid.

"You will be so kind as return immediately to Mrs. Chandos," he calmly said to Mrs. Penn. "*Close the door of the east wing* as soon as you have entered, and keep her attention amused. She is excitable—as you by this time probably know—and this visit of the police must be kept from her cognizance."

Allowing no time for answer or dissent, he attended Mrs. Penn to the parlor door and watched her up stairs. Then he stole to the hall door and put up its bar without noise.

"Oh, Anne! Anne!" he uttered, returning in the deepest agitation, "this is an awful blow! I joked about the police coming to take you, but—"

"They have not come for me? They cannot have come for me!" I foolishly reiterated, in my confused alarm.

"Would to heaven they had come for you! I mean, would they had come for one who could as readily be exonerated as you! Mercy! mercy! so the blow has fallen at last!"

It flashed to my memory what Mrs. Penn had said, about a sword hanging by a single hair over Mr. Chandos and his family. I don't think he knew what he was about. He took steps to and fro in the parlor, walked across the hall towards the stairs, and came back, listening evidently for the knocking of the police, all in the deepest agitation and alarm.

"It may be well for me not to go!" he muttered. "Better that I be here to face them when they enter! Anne, run you and find Hill: bring her hither quickly: but make no alarm."

I knew it was the hour of supper in the housekeeper's room, an apartment near the kitchen, and I ran to it. Hill was seated at the head of the table, and the upper servants round her.

"Mrs. Hill," I said, appearing among them without ceremony, "Mr. Chandos wants you for a moment. Instantly, if you please."

"I'll lay a guinea it's his hand burst out bleeding again!" surmised Hickens, who occupied the chair opposite Hill. Mrs. Hill said nothing, but rose and followed me. As we passed through the hall, there came a loud ring at the front door, and a knocking at it as if with sabres.

"Hill," Mr. Chandos whispered, drawing her into the oak parlor, and there was a world of dread and horror in his tone, "the police are outside the house, mounted."

She shrieked out aloud, making the room ring. The woman actually trembled all over in her terror.

"Hush!" interrupted Mr. Chandos; "are you mad? We must betray no alarm: you are aware of that."

"Oh, Mr. Harry! the police at last! It's what I have dreamt of ever since that awful night!"

"And you are wasting time here! You know the plan decided upon; if it ever came to the worst. I may not go; I must stay and face it. Make you haste! And—Hill! *lock* the outer door of the east wing on the outside: Mrs. Chandos must not see these men."

Hill did not stay to listen. She appeared to take in all, and was flying up the stairs, breathless and panting. There came another ring, another noise as with the sabres; and Robin, who was coming across the hall, increased his speed. Mr. Chandos arrested him.

"Robin, desire Hickens to attend, himself. I wish it."

The man turned back, and Mr. Chandos laid hold of me and held me to him, his head bent down upon my forehead, like one who knows not what he is about, or who seeks some sort of consolation from aggravated misery.

"Whether to admit them or keep them out?" he again muttered to himself. "But what a fool I am! if entrance be denied, they will force it."

"Dear Mr. Chandos!" I said, bursting into tears, "why are you afraid? what dreadful thing is it? Confide in me! tell me!"

"That you may run from me, as the rest will do! You have said the word, Anne—dreadful. That is it."

We heard Hickens coming along the hall. Mr. Chandos advanced to him and I looked out after him: the man had his mouth full of supper.

"Hickens," said Mr. Chandos, speaking with apparent carelessness, "these may be the police at the door. If so, they may enter."

"Them police again, sir!" repeated Hickens, in consternation. "Whatever can they want at this hour?"

"That's my business," replied Mr. Chandos. And Hickens unbarred the door.

"What a cowardly donkey that Robin is, a barring up of the house afore bed time!" I heard him mutter to himself.

Two of the officers entered: the other remained with the horses. Mr. Chandos advanced with suavity, and they took off their hats to him. He held his handkerchief to his face, as if fearing the draught: *I* knew that it was to shade his livid countenance.

"A late visit, gentlemen! To what am I indebted for it?"

He had been gradually withdrawing to the oak parlor as he spoke, and they with him. I withdrew also in confused indecision, and stood humbly in the remotest and darkest corner. I had not courage to quit the room, for I must have brushed by them: I hoped that Mr. Chandos would see and dismiss me. But no: he closed the door, in the face of the dismayed Hickens."

"We could not get here sooner, sir," observed one, "but we hope the delay has not been inconvenient to you. The inspector, to whom your note was addressed, was out when it arrived, so there was some hindrance in opening it."

Had the sentence been spoken in an unknown tongue, it could not more completely have puzzled Mr. Chandos.

"What note do you speak of?" he asked.

"The note you wrote to-day, requesting us to be here to-night, mounted, to take somebody into custody. The thief who has been playing up these pranks in your house, sir, we allude to: and it seemed to intimate that it was a young lady. Our inspector wondered, if so, why you wished us to come, mounted."

Oh, the change that fell over the face of Mr. Chandos! the eager light of hope, the vivid rush of renewed color! It was as one awakening from death to life.

"Gentlemen," he said, with a smile, as he pointed to seats, "I fear a trick has been played upon you. I have not written to your inspector, and most certainly possess, as yet, no clue to the party who has been so disagreeably busy at Chandos. But you must not go back without refreshment, although you have had a useless ride. It shall be brought in at once," he added, ringing for Hickens. "And this young lady," looking at me, "will obligingly see the housekeeper and bid her hasten it."

Hickens entered immediately; he had not moved from the hall.

"Supper, Hickens," said his master. "These gentlemen will take some before their departure. Bring the best of what you have, and be quick over it."

Hickens seemed somewhat relieved; the word "departure" had reassured him. The man was not afraid for himself; but he disliked the scandal—as he afterwards called it—of police officers coming to Chandos. He moved away with alacrity, and Mr. Chandos stepped outside the door with me.

"Anne," he said, in the softest whisper, laying his hand upon my shoulder, "go up to the west wing; knock at the outer door, but do not attempt to enter. Hill will answer you. Tell her to inform Lady Chandos that it is a false alarm; that the officers have only come respecting what I have recently lost from my desk, and that I have ordered supper for them. Say that I will be with my mother as soon as possible, but I remain at present to entertain them."

He returned into the parlor, closing the door, and I proceeded on my errand. Hill answered my knock, her face and her cap of an equal whiteness, and I delivered the message, speaking in a whisper. Strangely relieved seemed she, at least in an equal degree with Mr. Chandos, and she made me repeat what I had heard said by the officers, as if scarcely daring to believe the good tidings, without confirmation.

"Heaven be praised!" she exclaimed, as she closed the door in my face. "It would just have killed my lady."

So the officers had supper, all three of them. They did not linger long over it, perhaps were unable to do so, and in little more than half an hour they rode away again. Mr. Chandos went up to the west wing, and I returned to the oak parlor. It was late when he came back to it.

"This has been an evening of excitement, take it for all in all, has it not, Anne?" he said. "My wounded hand, your finding the money in your box, and the visit of the police officers. All private families cannot boast of so much amusement in one night."

I looked at him wistfully. After the intense agitation, the dread he had betrayed, to hear him speak in a light strain jarred unpleasantly on the mind.

"I fear you live in some great cause of dread, Mr. Chandos," I ventured to rejoin. "I suppose I may not be told it; but I wish I could ease you; I wish I could avert it from you, whatever it may be!"

"No living person can do that," he replied, the dark shade returning to his countenance. "I wish I could forget it, if only for a moment."

"And you cannot?"

"Never; by night or by day. I appear as the rest of the world does; I laugh, I talk; but within lies ever that one terrible care, weighing me down like an incubus."

How terrible it was, I could see, as he bent to lean his forehead upon his hand; the action spoke of utter misery, of despair. He raised it again after a long silence.

"Anne, you have been, in a manner, forced into what may be called a species of confidence as to our unhappy secrets; you must be true to us, never repeating to any human being what you have heard and seen."

"I will be true as Heaven," I answered, in my excitement. "Dear Mr. Chandos, I wish I knew how to serve you; you could not have a truer friend."

But the conversation passed into a lighter strain; the nerves cannot always remain highly strung.

"Which of the three would you have preferred to ride before, had I given you into custody for finding that money of mine in your possession?" laughed Mr. Chandos.

I answered, not in the same joking spirit; I could not so readily forget my alarm, or my concern for their hidden trouble. And we went on talking till Mr. Chandos, looking at his watch, started up.

"Anne! if we don't wish to have tales talked of us, we must depart. It is close upon midnight."

The words sent me off, flying; I had no idea of the hour. In five minutes, while I was reading—a duty I had never omitted since I was a child at my mother's knee—I heard Mr. Chandos come up and go into his room.

Presently I began to prepare for bed, and had proceeded so far as to take off my dress, when I found that I had left my keys in the oak parlor. I thought I would steal down for them without a light; and, throwing a shawl over me, I went.

My little basket was on the centre-table, and the keys were in it, so I had no difficulty in procuring them. I was creeping up stairs again, to disturb none, and had reached the corridor, when something caused me to look to the other end. Whether it was a stealthy movement, or a stealthy sound, or both, I cannot tell; all I know is, my attention was attracted to that spot.

Oh, horror, horror! oh, mercy, mercy! Gliding towards me, with its shadowy form, and its one hand upraised as if in warning, sufficiently distinct in the dim light of the corridor, was that awful vision I had seen before in the pine walk—the apparition of Sir Thomas Chandos.

CHAPTER XXV.

WASTED LOVE.

It has never been your fate, reader, I will answer for it, to be at one end of a corridor in a haunted house at midnight, and see a ghost gliding towards you from the other. What my sensations were, I cannot describe, or you imagine; had I beheld death itself advancing, it would have caused me less terror. My presence of mind forsook me; all that I had ever imagined of superstitious fear overwhelmed me; I sank down where I was, with a smothered shriek, and clasped hold of a statue near, as if there was protection even in that senseless bit of marble.

The shriek, though not loud, must have been one of wailing despair, one crying for succor, and it brought forth Mr. Chandos. He appeared at the door of his room, candle in hand, not having begun to undress. The corridor was empty then; "it" had vanished. Mr. Chandos hastened towards me, not, however, recognizing me till he was close up.

"Anne! is it you? Whatever is the matter? Are you ill? Why are you here?"

Putting down his wax light, he stooped to raise me, and I clung to him, as one clings to the living, in an agony of terror.

"It was there, it was coming towards me!" I whispered in answer to his inquiries, when I could find tongue. "Oh, pray, hold me! I feel as though I should die."

"What was coming?" he inquired.

"The same that I saw in the grounds the other night: the ghost."

"How can you be so foolish? how can you take up these absurd fancies?" he remonstrated, in a sharp tone.

"I did, Mr. Chandos; I did. It came along with its arm raised, as if to warn me off: a tall skeleton of a form, with shadowy features the hue of the dead. Features that bear, in their formation, a great resemblance to yours."

Was it fancy? or was it fact?—that his own features, as I spoke, assumed an ashy tint, like they had done when the officers came?

"What were you doing out here?" he asked, in the same sharp accent.

"I had forgotten my keys, and went down without a light to get them. I saw it instantly that I got back to the corridor."

"You saw nothing," he persisted with some warmth. "I am astonished at you: the fancy was the creation of your own brain, and nothing more. Pray, if the ghost was here then, where has it disappeared to now?"

"I don't know. I think it seemed to go back. It was certainly there."

"You are certainly silly," was his response. "A vast deal more so than I had given you credit for."

"Ah, Mr. Chandos, you cannot reason me out of my eyesight and my senses. Thank you for letting me rest upon you: I do believe I should have died, or lost my reason, had you not come out. I think I can go to my room now."

"And mind that you stay in it and don't emerge without a light into dark corridors at midnight, or you may stand a chance of being taken for a ghost yourself," he said, tenderly supporting me to the door of the chamber. "Good night," he added, holding both my hands in his. "Go to rest in peace and safety; and be assured that no ill, ghostly or human, shall work you harm while I am here at hand to protect you."

I closed the door and bolted it, a vague idea in my mind that a bolted door is a better safeguard against a ghost than an unbolted one. But, how I rushed my clothes off pell mell, how I scrambled into bed and drew the cover over my head and eyes, I never care to recall.

I heard nothing in the night, and experienced no further alarm. I mean no real alarm; plenty of imaginary. I slept and woke, tossed and turned, shivered and shook under the bedclothes, and thought that morning would never come. It did come when I was not looking for it, for I had dropped into a heavy sleep then, and when I awoke the sun was shining brilliantly. Ghosts and the sunlight don't accord, the one with the other; you cannot make them amalgamate: ghosts at midnight *are* ghosts: in the warm and cheerful morning sun they are of doubtful identity, or, at any rate, have vanished very far off, into unknown regions. I dressed myself as usual, feeling in better spirits than I could have supposed, and went down. Mr. Chandos was earlier than I, and stood at the window in the oak parlor. He took my hand and retained it for some moments in silence, I standing side by side with him, and looking from the window as he did.

"And how is the ghost this morning, Anne?"

"I wish you would regard me as a rational being, Mr. Chandos! Do anything, but treat me as a child."

"Nay, I think you proved yourself both irrational and a child, last night," he laughingly said.

"Indeed I did not. I wish you had seen what I did."

"I wish I had," was the mocking answer. "Anne, trust me: there is no ghost inside Chandos, whatever they may say as to there being one out of it."

"I don't know how ever I shall venture up stairs at night again," I went on. "I shall be terrified out of my life."

"Neither do I know—if you persist in retaining this impression. You will require Hickens with half a dozen servants and torches to escort you. I remarked last evening that it was an eventful one, take it for all in all, but I never supposed it was to wind up with anything so grand as a ghost."

Hickens entered at the moment with the urn, and I sat down to make the tea, vexed at the manner of Mr. Chandos, vexed at myself for the inability to shake off my own belief. I certainly had seen it; I could not be, I was not, deceived; and it annoyed me that he should throw ridicule upon it: it seemed like throwing it upon me. My thoughts turned to the visit of the police: it appeared a strange one. Who could have written that false note to the inspector? The same party who wrote to Mr. Chandos, accusing me and Mrs. Penn? What web had been entwined around us? Surely Lizzy could not be the author of this: it was beyond her.

The breakfast passed nearly in silence. Mr. Chandos paid a visit to his mother's rooms when it was over, and then went out. He appeared again at luncheon, and, in the course of it, remarked that he had been engaged all the morning, but should ride over presently to the police station.

"To endeavor to get a sight of that note;" he continued; "and to pick up, in a quiet way, any facts that may be obtainable."

"Shall you not institute an inquiry, Mr. Chandos?"

"No. I shall pick up, as I say, what there may be to pick up, but I shall make no stir: I have my reasons."

Mrs. Penn came into the room soon after he quitted it, and threw herself into a chair. "Oh, dear!" she uttered, "I have my doubts whether I shall be able to stop at Chandos. Did you ever see such a house, Miss Hereford? That visit of the police—to see them riding up with their naked sabres! I can tell you it gave me a turn. And, after all, after terrifying us to death, Mr. Chandos entertained them amicably with supper, I hear?"

"Their coming at all was a mistake. A trick had been played upon them."

"A trick? I don't understand."

"A note was written in Mr. Chandos's name to the inspector, asking him to send officers over to take into custody the person who has been playing these pranks at Chandos."

Mrs. Penn stared at me as I spoke. "Who wrote it?" she asked.

"Mr. Chandos does not know. He had a note himself also, an anonymous one: it strove to insinuate into his mind that you or I, being the only strangers at Chandos, must be the guilty party."

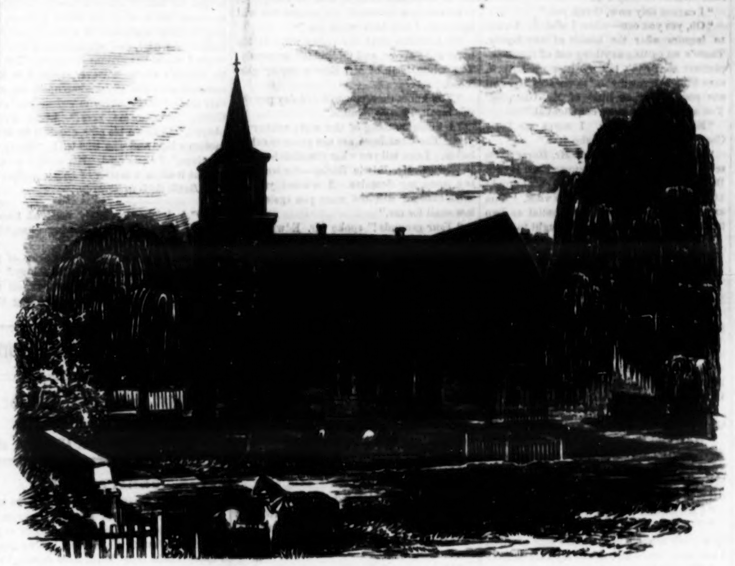
"What next?" uttered Mrs. Penn, after a pause, given, as it appeared, to astonishment. "Does Mr. Chandos suppose I stole my own lace, and rifled my own letter?"

"Mr. Chandos knows better. I say a note came, an anonymous one, suggesting the idea to him. But I thought it seemed to point more to me than to you."

"Mr. Chandos would not admit the idea—would he?"

"Oh, no. I am quite easy on that score. Mr. Chandos knows he may trust me."

She raised her finger and shook it at me. "Anne Hereford, I warned you once before, and I now warn you again: do not allow yourself to grow attached to Mr. Chandos. There are reasons—I may not speak them—why it would lead to nothing but misery. Misery? it is but a faint word for it; disgrace,



The Old Episcopal Church at Hampton, Va., Recently Destroyed by the Rebel Soldiers Under the Command of General Magruder.

[SEE DESCRIPTION ON FOURTH PAGE.]

shame, more than you, in your youth and inexperience, can imagine of evil. It is scarcely likely that he will make such advances; but, should he do so, you must repel him firmly: better that you fell in love with the lowest man servant attached to the house, than with Mr. Chandos."

The tell-tale crimson arose to my cheek, and I leaned from the open window, out of Mrs. Penn's view. Mr. Chandos rode forth at the same moment, unattended.

"Where's he going?" inquired Mrs. Penn.

"To the police station, I believe. He said he would ride thither this afternoon. That some one is playing strange stricks upon him is certain, and he would like to discover the party."

"You seem to be quite in his confidence," remarked Mrs. Penn.

"He told me so much—that he intended to ride thither. No very great stretch of confidence."

"There are many things I don't like in this house," she resumed, after an interval of silence. "What do you suppose they did last night? Actually locked us up in the east wing! Turned the key upon us! I was coming forth to see if I could find out what those horrid police were doing, and, I found myself a prisoner! Madam Hill's act and deed, that was."

"Indeed!" was my response, not choosing to tell her that I had heard the order given by Mr. Chandos.

"She takes a vast deal too much upon her, self, does Hill. I guessed it was nobody else and taxed her with it, asking how she could presume to lock up me. She coolly replied that she had never thought of me at all in the affair, but of Mrs. Chandos, who was of a timid nature, and did not like the sight of police. Poor thing! she has cause," added Mrs. Penn, in a sort of self-soliloquy.

"Mrs. Chandos has?"

"No unhappy wretch escaped from Botany Bay, and stolen over here, hoping to elude detection, has more cause to dread the detective officers of justice than she. So has your friend, Harry Chandos. I would not lead the life of apprehension that he does, for untold gold."

"How came you to be so deep in their secrets?"

"Had I not been deep in their secrets, and shown them that I was, I should not have been admitted an inmate of that east wing," she answered, with a knowing glance. "Do you know, when the police came last night—but I shall say too much if I don't hold my tongue," she broke off; and, rising abruptly from her seat, went as abruptly away.

The adventures of the day were not over for me; I wish they had been. It was getting towards dinner time, at least it was late in the afternoon when I, tired of sitting indoors by myself, strolled out. The morning had been very lovely, but the evening was less so; a sighing wind whistled amidst the trees, clouds passed rapidly over the face of the sky, and the autumn leaves fell and whirled about the paths. Did it ever strike you that there is something melancholy in these dying leaves? Some people say they like autumn best of the four seasons; but I think there is a great deal in its characteristics to bring our own autumn of life involuntarily to the mind; the leaves of the trees decay, and fall, and die; so must we when our time shall come.

I was listening to the rustle of the leaves and thinking—if I may confess it—of Mr. Chandos, thinking of the warning against him repeated to me again that day by Mrs. Penn, when I saw Mrs. Penn herself in a distant walk, pacing side by side and evidently in conversation with one whose very sight made me shudder—Mr. Edwin Barley. She saw me at the same moment, and quickened her pace to approach; Mr. Edwin Barley raising his hat to her as he turned away.

"Could you see a gentleman walking with me from this distance?" she asked as she came up. "Were you able to distinguish him, I mean?"

"Yes, I could distinguish him."

"Then do pray tell me who it is. I have met him several times. Some friend of the Chandoses, I suppose."

"Not much of that, I fancy. It is a Mr. Edwin Barley. He has recently come to live here; in that square house, outside the gates."

"In that house, does he! I think I have seen him enter it. Mr.—what do you call him?"

"Edwin Barley."

"Mr. Edwin Barley. I am a bad one to remember names. Why do you judge him not to be a friend of the Chandoses? I think he is a friend."

"I do not fancy him to be so," was my cautious answer. "He does not appear to visit them."

"But he is always asking after them. Very kind indeed his inquiries are, especially after Lady Chandos. He stopped me now, hoping I could give him news that she was better. The first time he spoke to me, I thought it a piece of presumption, being a stranger, but when I found it was only to inquire of the welfare of the family I excused it."

"I should not feel inclined to encourage him or to answer his questions, were I you, Mrs. Penn."

"Why not?"

"You don't know anything of him, or of his motives. I once heard Mr. Chandos warn him off the grounds, and I think, after that, his entering them looks very suspicious."

"I'm sure you must be suspicious," laughed Mrs. Penn. "You were certainly born for an old maid, Anne Hereford! When a gentleman—and a neighbor, as you say he is—makes inquiries after the health of the family you are staying with, as if there could be any harm in your civilly answering them!"

"I only give you my opinion. I do not think Mr. Chandos would approve of your doing so."

"Talking about Mr. Chandos, has he returned?"

"I have not seen him."

"I must hasten back," she continued. "Mrs. Chandos only allows me about half-an-hour; but, as I tell her, I must walk a little once or twice a day, to keep myself in health. Are you coming in?"

"Not just yet."

She continued her course, and I continued mine. What a strangely persevering man that Edwin Barley seemed to be! If Mrs. Penn knew—as she evidently did know—the dark secrets of the Chandos family, what might he not get out of her? I nearly made up my mind to inform Mr. Chandos.

Alas for me! for my poor courage! Turning a sharp corner of the walk, I came upon him standing there; upon him, Edwin Barley. Was he waiting for me, or for Mrs. Penn? Without a moment's reflection, I wheeled round and would have gone back again, but he was too quick for me and placed himself in my way.

"Not so fast, young lady. I have been waiting for you to come up: I saw you in the distance; I should like to exchange a word with you. Why! you won't be so discourteous as to deny me?"

"I cannot stay now, thank you."

"Oh, yes you can—when I wish it. I want to inquire after the health of the family. There's no getting anything out of that companion: she 'can't tell me how my lady is, save from hearsay;' she 'never sees her, and she sees nearly as little of Mr. Chandos.' You and I can be more confidential."

"No, we cannot, sir. I never see Lady Chandos, any more than she does."

"Which you can't say of Mr. Harry; you see rather much of him," retorted Mr. Edwin Barley, with a parting of the lips that brought his white teeth conspicuously to view. "You and he are united and confidential as two turtle doves—so the news is brought to me."

"Did Mrs. Penn tell you that?" I asked, my color and my anger rising together.

"Mrs. Penn! Who's she?"

"The companion, as you call her: the lady you have just parted with."

"No Mrs. Penn was my informant. If I got no more out of other people, than I do out of any Mrs. Penn, I should not hear much. You had a visit from the police last evening; an unexpected one, rumor runs. Did their sudden appearance confound Mr. Harry Chandos?"

I would not answer. Was Lizzy the snake, trailing to him with these things?

"What said Mr. Harry Chandos when they appeared, I ask? Did they bring terror to him? Did he exhibit the fear of one who believes the officers that administer the criminal law have come for him?—*for him?*"

"I cannot tell you, sir."

"You were with him, I know that much," he fiercely uttered, in the same tone of voice I had once heard him use to my aunt Selina.

"What if I was? I cannot say how Mr. Chandos felt or thought."

"You *can*—if you choose. Are you aware that I know you?"

My heart beat violently. I felt too sick to speak, even if I had found anything to reply.

"Did you hope I had forgotten you? Do you know that you are my niece? that—"

"No, no; not your niece," I interrupted, some feeling giving me the strength to say it. "I was the niece of my aunt Selina, but when she died all ties were surely severed between you and me."

"So you do know me!" he exclaimed.

"I have known you, sir, ever since the day I first saw you here."

"It is more than I did by you, young one, I can tell you that, or perhaps you would not have been allowed to remain so quietly at Chandos. But we are wandering from the point. I ask you how the visit of the officers affected Harry Chandos?"

"I have said that I cannot inform you."

"You shall inform me."

"How can I speak to what I do not know?" I retorted, in my caution that no word or manner of mine should betray him. Sick and faint I felt, weak as a coward; but I prayed for strength to resist unto right.

"There are reasons why I should be acquainted with events that pass at Chandos," he resumed, his manner terrible in its sternness. "As you are there, you can meet me of a day and give me the information. But, again I ask you—"

"I will not," I interrupted. "You have no legal power over me, Mr. Edwin Barley; none whatever. I have nothing to betray to you; and, if I had, be assured I would not act so dishonorably as to betray it. I beg you will not stop me again; for I will not answer a question that touches on the Chandos family; no, not the most simple one; never, from this hour. I heard Mr. Chandos desire you not to come upon his grounds; I think you ought to obey him, sir."

An awful expression of satanic rage—the word is not misplaced; his look was satanic—overspread his features. He raised his finger and thumb and held them before me.

"Hist!" he burst forth, putting his dark face close to mine, "know that I have them all under my finger and thumb, under these; do you see them?" shaking his hand in my sight. "If I choose to shake them all from Chandos, and send them trooping with drooping heads out of the kingdom, I can do it; ay, your chosen friend, Harry, the first, with all his high and mighty pride. You provoke me, and I'll do it. I ask you once more whether he cowered like a criminal at the officers of justice?"

One single moment of hesitation, and then my resolve returned, fixed and firm.

"I have said that I will not answer your questions, now or ever."

He seized hold of me by the arm; I thought his fingers would have met in it, and I shrieked out in my fright. All the old remembrances came across me: the murder which had taken place, the death of my aunt, and my doubts and dread of him. His dreadful face was close to mine: was he going to kill me? I shrieked out again.

Quick—it passed like a flash of lightning—all in a moment, I was drawn from him, and he lay on the ground. Mr. Chandos had quietly approached, walking his horse, and we had been too much occupied to observe him. He sprang from his steed at my cries, caught me, and struck Mr. Edwin Barley. The latter was on his feet again instantly. Mr. Chandos stood, one hand round me, the other holding the bridle of his horse.

"How dare you presume to molest this young lady?" he panted, his white face stern and haughty, and his nostrils working. "What do you mean by it? Answer me!"

"I possess the right to molest her, if I please; you don't," retorted Mr. Edwin Barley, who appeared to have no intention of returning the blow; and indeed he could have made no fit antagonist for Mr. Chandos, in the latter's height and power. "Neither possess you the right to protect her: I do. She is my niece. What relative may she be of yours?"

Mr. Chandos, with a gesture of astonishment, looked in my face for confirmation or refutation. He got neither. I only clung to him for protection, the tears running down my cheeks.

"Whatever she may be, she is residing under my roof, and as such, is in my charge. If you ever dare to touch her against her will again, sir, I will horsewhip you."

Mr. Chandos held his riding-whip in his hand as he spoke, and it trembled ominously. The white teeth of Mr. Edwin Barley glistened.

"You know that you will one day pay for this insult, Harry Chandos."

"I know nothing of the sort; neither do you. The Chandoses are not given to calculation. I can tell you what you shall be made to pay for, Mr. Edwin Barley—the trespassing upon my domains. I warned you off them once; I will not warn you again—the law shall for me."

"*Your* grounds!" spoke Mr. Edwin Barley, with a sneer.

"Yes, sir, mine," was the proud answer. "They are mine so long as I am the representative of Sir Thomas Chandos. Have the goodness to quit them now, and with speed, or I will call my servants to escort you."

"Ah! only wait a little while, Harry Chandos, you and yours, and my turn will come."

He departed without another word. Mr. Chandos watched him out of sight, then drew my hand within his arm, leading also his horse, and proceeded towards the house. I saw Mrs. Penn look down at us from the corridor window. One of the men appeared, took the horse, and we went into the oak parlor. The cloth was laid for dinner, but the room was quite dusk, save for the smouldering fire.

"Anne," he whispered, speaking for the first time since we left Mr. Edwin Barley, but not releasing me, "what is this strange assertion that he has been making? You cannot be his niece?"

"Oh, no, no," I answered, bursting into hysterical sobs in my excitement, "indeed I am no blood relation of his. I will tell you all, after dinner. Do not let him gain any power over me, should he try! Keep me from him."

"I wish I could give myself the right to keep you from him, and from every other ill," he breathed. "Do you know, Anne, that I love you above all else in the world? that you are my days' sunshine, my nights' dream? Have you not discovered this for yourself?"

He was standing in the dark shade beyond the window curtains as he said this, and had gathered me in his arms. I—I made no answer; but I should have liked to remain where I was for ever.

"But, my darling, it can only end; here; as it has begun; for I cannot marry. My brother, Sir Thomas, cannot marry."

I looked up at him. I believe my lips formed the word "Why?"

"It would not be right. There are dark clouds hanging over Chandos: should they open, it would be to hurl down desolation and disgrace. How can either of us, he or I, think of exposing a wife to encounter this? Could I, in honor, do it?"

"It might be happier for you, if this sorrow should arrive, to have one with you to soothe your cares and share them."

"And there is one who would not shrink from it," he said, laying his face upon mine. "Had I not seen that, Anne, I should have been as much knave as fool to speak of my own feelings. My dearest, before we knew that we loved each other, the love had come; and it was too late to guard against it."

He took some passionate kisses from my face. I let him do it. I don't care whether it was right or wrong: I only know that I felt as one in a blissful dream.

"We have been betrayed into this, Anne; I have. But I know you will forgive me. The fleeting moment over, it is over for good. I would give half my remaining existence to be able to make you my wife. My darling, believe me, it *cannot* be: but I shall love you for ever."

"Oh, look! look at your hand! What has happened to it?"

The straps had no doubt separated in the encounter with Mr. Edwin Barley, and it had burst out bleeding again.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ The following anecdote is told of Mr. Spurgeon:—An elderly minister from the country called upon him, congratulated him upon his success, and mildly rebuked him for his eccentricities. Mr. Spurgeon took threepence from his pocket, and said, "Dr. B., the other day I was so annoyed by an organ-grinder that I gave the man three-pence to go away. Now will you take the same sum, or shall I make it six-pence?"

☞ When Hannibal left Carthagena he had 90,000 foot and 12,000 horse, but after crossing the Alps, a lapse of five months, he had only 20,000 infantry and 6,000 cavalry left, though he had not been in battle.

☞ Write your name by kindness, love, and mercy, on the hearts of the people you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten.

☞ Many persons have a mortal antipathy to a snake, and yet he is said to be a very charming animal.

PRECOCIOUS INDEED!

The woman whom I found lighting a fire, was in conversation with a young man who was sitting on the steps of a little stair leading up into the chamber above. He was smoking a pipe. On my entrance a little boy, within a month of two years of age, came running in with a toy, a tiny wooden horse, which he called "Dada." At sight of the man on the stair he ran into a corner of the room, and picked up a pipe (one of the short "clays,") which, with a small box containing some Tabac du Caporal, he immediately took to the fire. Having pressed some tobacco into the bowl, the little creature lighted it at the flame, and, with toy in one hand and pipe in the other, began to smoke. I could perceive he drew well through the tube; and it was only my interruption, as I took him by the hand in astonishment, which caused the tobacco to fall out of the bowl. Vexed at the accident, he stuffed into it a further supply; ran up to the man; placed the toy on the cap of the latter, and very knowingly turned the bowl of his own pipe to the bright sparks in the bowl of the other smoker, began to draw hard, and in a second or two lighted the pipe, and smoked away merrily, while I might have counted twenty. The little fellow's sister, however, arrived at that moment with the key; whereupon the mother said—"Marie, show monsieur the gate. Come, Peter, come here!" Little Pierre obeyed, laid down his pipe, climbed on to the mother's lap, and was suckled! "Early beginnings," I exclaimed. His mother seemed to take it all as a matter of course.—*Byroads and Battle-fields in Picardy.*

☞ A bookseller lately received from a country customer, the following unsophisticated order:

"Inform me the quality and price of the best, unbiassed anti-Sectarian Theology."

Probably a copy of the sermon on the Mount would come nearest to filling that order.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1861.

REMITTANCES.

For the information of our friends, we may state that bills on all solvent banks in the United States and Canada are taken at par on subscription to The Post, but we *prefer* Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware or New England money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and postage stamps are always acceptable. For all amounts over $5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) *payable to our order.*

If our friends throughout the country will comply with these suggestions so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

OUR ENGLISH FRIENDS.

Since our last issue, the English papers have come to hand, containing the first telegraphic accounts of the battle of Manassas, the comments of the London editors upon them, and several of Mr. Russell's letters.

The dose, as a whole, is not particularly sweet and pleasant to take—on the contrary it is exceedingly unpleasant and bitter—but probably it is in great part deserved, and certainly it is wholesome.

The comments of the English press are not altogether unkindly. Of course that amiable and fraternal sheet, the *London Times*, fairly revels in the repulse and panic of the Northern troops. As a piece of sarcasm its first article on the subject is excellent. Neither North nor South—nor always the Truth—is spared. Both Unionists and Secessionists are ridiculed, in almost as many words, as cowards.

The *London News* on the other hand, has a kind and brotherly article—deeply sympathizing with the North; and, in this case, we are inclined to think represents much more truly than the *Times*, the feeling of the great majority of the English people. In fact there is a very great mistake made on each side of the Atlantic—on our side, in supposing the *Times* to be always the reliable organ of English opinion, and on the other side in supposing the *New York Herald* to be the representative of American opinion. To an American, who knows in what an equivocal light the *Herald* is regarded at home, it is startling to see the importance attached to its utterances abroad. Both of these papers are now engaged in the fraternal business of blowing the sparks of war between the two countries. The *Herald* probably to cover its recent advocacy of secession principles; the *Times* because it must be at some mischief, and finds no other so convenient to its hands.

We had been looking anxiously for Mr. Russell's description of the battle, but now that it has come, are surprised to find that he was not even near the ground till probably two o'clock in the afternoon. His account adds nothing to what we have had from more adventurous sources. He describes the panic very graphically—in fact he might have prefaced his account with the words of another, and declared it to be a thing, "all which he saw, and part of which he was." We extract a couple of passages:—

> I sit down to give an account—not of the action yesterday, but of what I saw with my own eyes, hitherto not often deceived, and of what I heard with my own ears, which in this country are not so much to be trusted. Let me, however, express an opinion as to the affair of yesterday. In the first place, the repulse of the Federalists, decided as it was, might have had no serious effects whatever beyond the mere failure—which politically was of greater consequence than it was in a military sense—but for the disgraceful conduct of the troops. The retreat on their lines at Centreville seems to have ended in a cowardly rout—a miserable, causeless panic. Such scandalous behavior on the part of soldiers I should have considered impossible, as with some experience of camps and armies, I have never, even in alarms among camp followers, seen the like of it. How far the disorganization of the troops extended I know not; but it was complete in the instance of more than one regiment. Washington this morning is crowded with soldiers without officers, who have fled from Centreville, and with "three months' men," who are going home from the face of the enemy on the expiration of their term of enlistment. * * * * *
>
> There is much talk now of "masked batteries," of course, of outflanking, and cavalry, and such matters. The truth seems to be that the men were overworked, kept out for 12 or 14 hours in the sun, exposed to a long range fire, badly officered, and of deficient regimental organization. Then came a most difficult operation—to withdraw this army, so constituted, out of action in face of an energetic enemy who had repulsed it. The retirement of the baggage, which was without adequate guards, and was in the hands of ignorant drivers, was misunderstood and created alarm, and that alarm became a panic, which became frantic on the appearance of the enemy, and on the opening of their guns on the runaways. * * * * *
>
> There was not a bayonet charge (Mr. Russell is now speaking of what he can learn from the best sources at his command,) made by the Federal infantry during the day. There was not a charge of any kind made by the Confederate cavalry upon any regiment of the enemy till they broke. There was not a hand to hand encounter between any regiments. There was not a battery charged or taken by the Federalists. There was no masked batteries in play by the Confederates. There was no annihilation of rebel horse by the Zouaves or others—a volley fired by one battalion emptied three saddles among a body of horse who approached at some distance, and the infantry which performed the execution then retired, and there were no desperate struggles except by those who wanted to get away.
>
> The whole matter in plain English amounts to this: The Federalists advanced slowly, but steadily, under the fire of their artillery, driving the enemy, who rarely showed out of cover, in line before them, and gradually forced them back on the right and the centre for a mile and a half toward Manassas. As the enemy fell back they used their artillery also, and there was a good deal of pounding at long ranges, with light field guns and some heavier rifled ordnance, the line on both sides being rarely within 500 yards of each other. On one occasion the regiments on the right were received by a musketry fire from the enemy, which induced them to fall back, but they were rallied and led forward toward the front. The Confederates again gave way, and the Federalists advanced once more. Again the line of the enemy appeared in front, and delivered fire. The Zouaves, as they are called, and the 11th New York, which were on the flank, fell into confusion not to be rallied, and eventually retired from the field in disorder, to use the mildest term, with a contagious effect on their comrades and with the loss of the guns which they were supporting. Nothing would, or could, or did stop them. In vain they were reminded of their oaths to "avenge Ellsworth's death." Their flag was displayed to the winds—it had lost its attractions. They ran in all directions with a speed which their fortune favored. "I tell the tale as it was told to me" by one who had more to do with them, and had better opportunity of witnessing their conduct than I had, for, as I have already stated in a previous letter, I was late on the ground, and had not been able to see much ere the retreat was ordered.
>
> There are various statements in reference to the conduct of the regular cavalry and infantry. The regular officers admit that at one time the cavalry gave way, but they did not break or fly; they were rallied, drew up in line again, and showed front to the enemy. The regular officers declare that it was the infantry which saved the retreat, covering it steadily in conjunction with the Germans; and the losses of the United States Marines argue that they had a large share of the enemy's fire. The artillery who lost their guns speak, as artillery will do under the circumstances, of the infantry which deserted them; and the general officers, who must after all be the best judges, bear strong testimony to the good services and general steadiness of the regulars engaged in the action.

Mr. Russell is not very popular now with our people. It is said that he has been refused a pass recently to cross the Potomac. This last may be very right—he certainly should be refused passes everywhere where knowledge is to be acquired that might prove useful to the enemy. A recently intercepted letter from Charleston proves that he is in correspondence with leading secessionists in that city; and if he took the liberty of informing them that after the battle of Manassas they "could have had Washington by merely asking," he might carelessly, if not designedly, communicate information of a more reliable character. Besides, it only takes Mr. Russell's letters about four weeks to go and return—and he keeps no secrets, but, of course, tells everything he sees and hears. It's his vocation.

We are not among those, however, who are embittered against Mr. Russell. Although he speaks of meeting a Pennsylvania regiment marching *away* from the field of battle to the sound of the enemy's cannon—and thus sets beyond all denial what has been denied—it is the fact that worries us, not his mention of it. And so with that disgraceful panic—which was true—however much was also true that he does not tell, not being there to see. The panic, and not the graphic description of it, gives us pain. It is well, we think—for our good—that after the popular mind had a little recovered from the brand of that shame, it should be burned in again upon us by this scornful, mocking laugh that rings over from Europe. Our editors and orators have boasted hugely of late years—and here is our punishment. Let us take it with what calmness we can, and get all the good out of it. Another such panic as that of Manassas, and even our best friends abroad will hang their heads, and our own citizens who happen to be there, be ashamed to let it be known that they are Americans. We hope every man in our army will read, or hear read, not only Mr. Russell's account of the battle, but the comments of the *London Times*. If that does not make them resolve to die rather than that the country shall experience such another disgrace, they must be beyond the reach of taunt or sarcasm.

There is no shame in retreat. When Lyon's little army of 5,500 near Springfield, found it could not hold its own against the enemy's superior force—by their own account 15,000—and retreated to Rolla, the country had no blush for them. They could not hold the field, but they could and did preserve their honor. More, they even won laurels on that field which they could not hold.

But the army of the Potomac is under a cloud until it has retrieved that disastrous day at Manassas. And if it has the proper soldierly spirit, it will not rest satisfied until an opportunity is afforded it to display its prowess, and it has proven to the satisfaction even of the foes of Republicanism abroad, that the valor of Americans has not degenerated into mere Mexican bombast and gasconade.

FREE SPEECH.

We are friends of free speech and a free press. Let us say a word relative to the recent suppression of secession papers, by the people, and by law.

In all those states where the secessionists are in power, not a paper devoted to the Union would be tolerated. As a general thing, not a word in favor of the Union is allowed to be publicly, scarcely privately, uttered.

If the threats of the Richmond papers are carried out, and Philadelphia and New York be taken possession of by secession armies, not one word spoken or printed in favor of the Union will be tolerated an instant.

Now, every word spoken or printed in the North intended or calculated to paralyze the arms of the Union, is aiding in the attempt to occupy our Northern cities by secession armies.

The exercise of the right of free speech by the Northern sympathizers with secession, aids in bringing about the suppression of the free speech of Union men in these Northern states, by aiding in the paralyzing of the only arm that can prevent the occupation of these states by secession armies.

In other words, the exercise of the right of speech and of the press on the part of sympathizers with secession, is an agent in possibly bringing about the utter abrogation of the right of speech and of the press on the part of the friends of the Union.

We prefer our own right of free speech to that of any secessionist or sympathizer with secession.

If these latter really are friends of such rights, why have they never blamed the secessionists for suppressing them in the seceded states?

Our government would cheerfully devote large sums to the support of an Union paper in each of the principal cities of the South. As a mere military measure, it would be good policy. Shall Jeff. Davis be allowed to do in the North what he will not allow to be done in the South?

Our revolutionary fathers also were friends of free speech and a free press—but they did not allow tory papers in their midst when they could help it.

Great emergencies have their peculiar laws—so much so, that self-defence has been termed "the *first* law of nature"—to which all other laws must yield. We judge that the right of self-defence in a nation, takes precedence—*so long as the peril lasts, and only so long*—of the right of free speech.

The greater includes the less—if the nation dies, or passes under the rule of a conqueror, what becomes then of free speech?

THE WAR.

Appearances, as we write this, would seem to indicate that no movement against Washington is seriously intended by the enemy. But they will probably strike at the moment when a blow is least expected. It may be that Western Virginia is to be the next point of interest, as Gen. Lee is said to be moving forward against Rosencranz with a large army. If the latter is in equal force, he probably will at least be able to hold what has been won in that section. But more men are wanted everywhere. There should be no delay.

From Missouri we have nothing decisive yet. The rebel forces, instead of moving against Siegel, are reported to be moving to the North, towards Jefferson City, the capital of the State. In several movements of late of detached forces in the south eastern portion of the State, the Union forces have routed detachments of the enemy, and gained confidence in themselves. Fremont, Siegel, and Sturges are believed to be excellent leaders, and when in proper force, will probably be able to give a good account of themselves.

A number of troops have been sent forward to Washington under the recent orders from the War Department, without regard to the regiments being full—how many we do not know, and would not tell if we did. There has been too much aid given the rebels already by the useless blabbing of the daily press. We are glad to find that measures are being taken to put a stop to it. Men laugh at the curiosity of the female sex—but if all the news reporters and newspaper readers were women, there could not have been a greater amount of mischievous curiosity shown than during the last three months.

KENTUCKY AND THE WEST MENACED.—The *New Orleans Delta*, speaking of Kentucky, says:

> "That State and the whole West must be made to feel that this is war, and to feel it until they cry 'Peccavi.'"

Will Kentucky and the whole West please to note what their high-mightinesses down in Louisiana design. Kentucky, especially, will soon have to acknowledge King Jeff. and the Pelican, or else be made to cry "Peccavi."

MISS MARY J. WINDLE, an authoress well known in Philadelphia, and an Alexandria correspondent of the Southern press, has been arrested at the latter place for treasonable correspondence with the enemy. She boldly avowed her secession proclivities when arrested.

Miss Mary J. Windle, so far as literary ability is concerned, would not be very valuable to the enemy.

BLUNDER.—"*Coal*" water, in one of our receipts this week, is merely a proof-reader's blunder of course for *cold* water.

ADVANTAGES OF ACTION.

We agree with the *North American* of this city, in doubting that efficient soldiers can rapidly be made out of raw volunteers, in any other mode than by subjecting them to the perils of active service. No amount of drilling in camp, we should think, would accustom men to firmness under an enemy's fire, or before the approaching rush of a squadron of cavalry. They must have active service, even if defeat has to be risked occasionally, or else remain essentially raw troops to the end. If we may be allowed to pun on so serious a subject, we may ask, how can you expect your troops should be other than raw, if you do not put them before fire? The *North American* says:

> What, then, is needed to make them soldiers? We cannot fight great battles perpetually. Cities are not constantly besieged. We cannot afford to waste ammunition in sham battles, nor would that answer if we did. St. Just, though not a soldier, and only the (French) revolutionary commissioner sent to supervise the operations of Kleber, hit upon the true expedient, and to him may, in consequence, be fairly attributed the recovery of the lines of Weissenberg. As the army consisted of raw recruits, raised by the levy *en masse*, who had proved unreliable in every encounter and so caused the failure of even the most skillful plans and the ablest generals, St. Just demanded that an unceasing petty warfare should be kept up along the whole line, in which fresh troops should be exposed to the fire as often as possible, in order to familiarize them with danger. This was done so effectually that in a short time the army seemed to be recreated and to be endowed with irresistible ardor and energy.
>
> This is what the rebel generals in eastern Virginia have been doing from the very commencement of this war. They have never left our pickets at peace for a single day or night. Skirmishes have been kept up everywhere, and it must have been noticed that in these affairs they generally moved in companies or battalions, so as to put under fire as many men as possible. This is the school in which the rebel army was trained. Camp drill was of inferior consequence to them. What their generals aimed to accomplish was to accustom them to fighting, to artillery, to the sight of gunshot and other wounds, and to the continual risk of life.
>
> On our side this principle has been wholly neglected. The complaints of the commanders of our raw troops have been constant, but they have lost sight of the fact that the neglect was with the field officers, who should have thrown them into positions of peril, and kept fresh parties of them skirmishing at the outposts. Small attacks and feints are useful for this purpose, and the capture and abandonment of an unimportant post has this meaning only. *We are getting very impatient of the complaints of the regular officers respecting the greenness of our troops and their unreliability, when we know that the difficulty might be so easily overcome by military science.*

The views enforced in the above extract, seem to us well worthy of consideration. The great end to be attained in the management of our volunteers, is to give them confidence in themselves, and also the use of their faculties. A panic is not only shameful as indicating a want of courage, it is the supremest folly and madness. If there is danger, the danger is greatly increased by each man ignoring his neighbor and shifting for himself. An army may be beaten, but if it retreat in good order, facing about and repulsing the enemy when necessary, it not only saves its honor, but suffers comparatively little loss. But men to whom the field of battle is a new thing, lose their self-possession under the unusual circumstances, and act as they would not dream of acting had they their wits about them.

In accustoming the volunteers to rapid marches, to surprises, to a shower of leaden and iron balls, by small attacks and feints, it is not necessary that they should always be successful. It is worth risking some unimportant losses for the object in view; and it is better to risk these, than to risk a great battle. Ultimately something must be risked—the troops must learn to stand fire somewhere. With a strong reserve, small defeats will be a matter of little consequence, especially if the country is made to understand the object with which they are encountered, and the gain in discipline even when nothing else is gained.

But some one may properly say—"Gen. McClellan probably knows this, if there is any truth in it, as well as you do." To which we may also properly answer, that he is a bold and determined general in a Republic, who dares to risk temporary defeat for the sake of future and lasting victory, unless the people fully understand the object at which he is aiming. To enable the people to understand this, and to aid in creating a public sentiment that shall support McClellan and any other of our generals in putting their men under fire, even when they are not very sure of the result, is one object of the present article. Any fool can praise a victory, and censure a defeat—but it takes a great and enlightened people to approve a movement that has resulted in momentary disaster, and to adhere to a wise and sagacious general even through the clouds of temporary failure. We have now McClellan in the East, and Fremont in the West—we have reason to believe both to be men of energy and military sagacity—let us give them a hearty support, and a fair trial. The best generals will have their occasional reverses—sometimes through their own fault, sometimes through the fault of their officers, sometimes through the bad behavior of their troops. We are able to lose a great many battles, and still triumph. And a people that sternly make up their mind to succeed—even if they have to be thrashed into the requisite amount of military skill and soldierly discipline—are sure to triumph in the end. In the war of 1812 with England, we had to take a year's thrashing before we began to know how to fight. We are able to take as much, and more, again. We have the men, we have the resources. All Europe is looking on, the people ready to weep, the nobles to scoff, if we are finally beaten. The triumph of the rebels in this contest would be considered, the world over, the triumph of the only aristocratic element in the country over all its opposers. Republicanism, therefore, would receive an almost fatal blow. Better would it be had the Revolution of 1776 never been successful, than that we should fail now. But we cannot fail. The "stars in their courses" will fight for us, if we are only true to ourselves, and in defeat as in success, manifest the determined and unconquerable spirit of our fathers.

A SWEET PROGRAMME.

We refer our city readers to an article in another column from the *Richmond Despatch*, which after enumerating the difficulties in the way of taking Washington, that "sink of iniquity," as it is politely termed, advises giving that place the go-by, and making a forward movement on Philadelphia. The *Despatch* savagely says:—

> *Let the war be carried into Africa*, let the enemy be made to feel *the blasting, desolating effects of our conquering arms.* * * *With Philadelphia in our hands, we should have something with which to help pay the expenses of the war.* * * * In Philadelphia we shall *find vast stores of everything.* * * Then our *revenge* would not be sweet enough unless we could tread with martial step through the broad streets of New York, *quarter in the palatial mansions of the merchant princes.* * * New York must be *humiliated* beyond all other cities, for she has grown fat and *insolent* upon the wealth which the South has poured into her lap.

In view of threats like the above, made by Richmond papers high in the confidence of the rebel leaders, is it wonderful that the people of the cities so savagely menaced also begin to consider on their side the expediency of "*carrying the war into Africa?*" For one, before such threats as the above should be realized, and our fair city be subjected to insult and rapine by a host of freebooters, we would resort to any and every measure which the customs and usages of the civilized world would hold us justifiable in resorting to.

SUPERANNUATED NAVAL OFFICERS.

Out of sixty of the regular United States naval commanders, not less than thirty of them are disqualified by age for active duty. They decline to retire on the allowance of $1,700 granted by Congress, when by continuing in the service they draw $4,000 to $5,000. The service, however, is sadly crippled in consequence.

We suppose this explains partly what seems to be the inefficiency of the navy. It wants young blood in it. By the way, we hope that offer of the fishing fleet will be taken into consideration. The best seamen in the world probably, are those engaged in our whale and other fisheries. Their captains would make the best of sea-fighters. Old fogyism and incompetency seem to curse almost every department of the government—civil and military. We have civil leaders, but they do not lead, but follow public sentiment—and naval officers who are perpetually eluded by the rebels. If a few were suspended in their commands, it might make the rest keener-witted.

RATHER SATIRICAL.

"Artemus Ward," in a recent chapter of his thrilling and bloody romance of the "*Fair Inez, or the Lone Lady of the Crimson Cliffs,*" in "Vanity Fair," describes how the pirate captain and crew were treated when captured. He says:—

> At half-past 3 o'clock on the day of the naval engagement so graphically described in our last, the battle clearly belonged to O'Mulligan. At fifteen minutes to 4 o'clock, however, the battle didn't belong to him as much as it did, so I suppose he was essentially defeated. The understanding had been that Scovillo would arrive at a certain period of the engagement with his brigade of negro chambermaids, but that distinguished corsair had become so deeply engrossed with a game of draw-poker that he forgot all about the battle until long after the eagles of victory had perched upon the glittering banners of the Unionists. He was strongly censured for his conduct, although he endeavored to explain by stating that his brigade had only enlisted for three months, and that if they had gone into battle some of them might have been killed. Some people, however, thought he ought to be hurled from the Tarpeian Rock. As we shall not have occasion to mention this pirate again, we may here state that he was killed a short time ago by accidentally falling over a barrel of whiskey while acting as floor-manager of a leap-year ball, given by some unmarried squaws of the Mackinaw tribe, of which association he was an Indian at the time of his premature demise.
>
> The pirates were landed at Rahway, and took rooms at De Graw's Hotel. The emperor of that town made a few feeling remarks on the occasion, and the Bard of Union county recited some ingenious verses, bringing in all their names. They were ordered to bed promptly at 12 o'clock every night, that being the rule of the jail, and were otherwise carefully cared for and taken care of.
>
> The pirates all said if they had known what fine people they had been killing and confiscating, they would never have gone and done it; adding that it was impossible to subjugate such a government. O'Mulligan was stricken with horror at the idea of having imbrued his hands in fraternal blood, and remorse and pip preyed upon his vitals. The sagacious pirate was affected in the same way. "Why, boys," said he, "we've been fighting our brothers! How sing'lar! Lor' bless me!"
>
> The pirates united in representing the rebels as being in a frightful condition, with no resources, provisions, arms, or anything. Besides there is a great Union sentiment in the South, particularly in the everglades of Florida, which only wanted developing to exhibit itself. O'Mulligan thought that if the government would go kind of easy with the rebels for a spell, giving them time to consider how wrong it was to imbrue their hands in fraternal blood, they would ultimately rally round the Federal flag. He was especially gratified to witness the efforts of those pure patriots who were endeavoring to establish a Peace Party in the North. Nothing, he said, could be finer than a Peace Party in the North.
>
> The corsairs manifested such sincere repentance that they were finally released on taking the Oath of Allegiance, and O'Mulligan was appointed a Quartermaster in the Federal army. Others of the pirates became army contractors, the army overcoat and pantaloons business affording ample scope for their peculiar line of genius. One pirate, with a diplomatic turn of mind, was despatched to Portugal to keep Harvey straight; another joined the Young Men's Christian Association of Baltimore, and several others received clerkships in the various departments at Washington.

The Reason.—It is supposed that the reason the fire Zouaves ran so fast at Manassas, was that, as Gen. Scott is commander-in-chief, they apprehended there must be "*a fire in their rear.*"

THE LAWTON BLACKBERRY.

The season for this fine fruit is just over. Its culture appears to be extending, as we have seen the present summer, in Wilmington, Delaware, quantities of them for sale, raised in the neighborhood. We were told the number of bushels to the acre, but remember only that it was something astonishing. Of the quality of the fruit we have a very distinct impression. Not a dozen sour to one sweet, like the wild kind, but every berry large, luscious, and perfectly satisfactory to the taste. They were not exposed for sale in heaps, and spooned into a quart measure in the old-fashioned way, but put up neatly in boxes, like strawberries, at fifteen cents a box. We came home and immediately set out a new plantation, thinking that garden-room could not be better employed. The supply of blackberries in this part of the country diminishes year by year. If we would have them at all, we must cultivate them in earnest.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Great Expectations: By Charles Dickens. Complete in 1 vol., with 34 illustrations by McLenan. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bro.'s, Philadelphia.

Every new novel by a well-known and popular writer, must, on its first appearance, stand the test of comparison with those that have preceded it—a test less akin to a fair judicial trial than to the savage practice of running the gauntlet. As the characters in "Great Expectations" are introduced to us, crowds of our old acquaintances, the progeny of the same author, press forward to intercept them, and by right of their family resemblance make fierce assaults upon them. Pumblechook, at once tyrant and toady, is struck down by the fatal tomahawk of our old friend Pecksniff; Jaggers is savagely mauled by the bullying lawyer who shoulders his way through the "Tale of Two Cities;" a number of stately, proud, and particularly dreary women, among whom we chiefly recognize Edith Dombey, surround and obliterate Estella, and tear the veil from Miss Havisham's ghostly head; and Pip himself has a narrow escape from the clutch of Oliver Twist, in the early part of his passage, and of Davy Copperfield at the last.

It may not be fair to institute this kind of ordeal, but it is inevitable. The new characters may not be mere copies of those already known to us, but their family likeness is sufficiently strong to provoke comparisons not always favorable to the new-comers.

A change that necessarily must come with increasing years has befallen Dickens. The fun, the joviality, the extravagant flow of youthful spirits that was the principal and most delightful characteristic of his early works, has given place to the sobriety and steadiness of middle age. While aware of many merits in his later works, and gratefully acknowledging their purity of purpose and humanitarian tendency, we cannot but be conscious of a falling off in them as works of fiction. We must lament for the by-gone delightfulness of Tony Weller, of Dick Swiveller, and of that perfection of nurses, Sairey Gamp, and refuse to be comforted by the Circumlocution Office, by Mrs. General and her "prunes and prisms," or by Mr. Jaggers and his clerk with the post-office mouth.

In regard to that sharpest of sharp practitioners, Jaggers, we really think we are hardly used by "Great Expectations." There may be lawyers whose proper business it is to bully and torture witnesses, but this process is neither agreeable nor exhilarating, and why should Mr. Dickens's unoffending readers be condemned to so much of it?

Miss Havisham also is dreadfully depressing company, but she is so removed from the region of possibilities that she does not make so severe an impression.

But these and other inanities and disagreeables can be forgiven for the sake of Joe; good, sweet-tempered, faithful Joe Gargery, whom we love from his first appearance, fencing in little Pip with his legs in the warm chimney corner, till we are called upon to take a final and affectionate leave of him; though it is, of course, a shock to the sensitive feelings of the reader to find Joe, after his excellent remarks to Pip upon the subject of lying, indulging himself upon the occasion of a subsequent visit to Miss Havisham in what we may emphatically call a Bouncer.

The convict Magwitch, in whom the plot chiefly concentres, teaches the true lesson which seems the end and aim of the book. The story of his earliest years, with no hope, no help, with his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him, stirs pity in one's heart for the fierce and brutal felon, knowing how true it is, in the dark ways of the world, that some seem set apart from their birth for wickedness and condemnation; and in the gleam of faithful love and gratitude that lights up that dismal life and shines brighter to its dreary end, we feel that God alone is the righteous Judge of how the seeming saint and seeming sinner stand before Him. A dozen Pumblechooks, a score of inane Misses Pockets could not impair our sense of the truth and goodness of this lesson, and rising thus from its perusal, we bid the book and its author God speed.

The Press.—Recent advices from Washington say:—

> "The Administration is now satisfied that the safety of the Republic requires that those papers in the North which do not yield a hearty support to the Government, and to all the measures of the Administration, and which, by their sympathy with the South, nourish at the North a hostile feeling against the Government, shall be warned to desist, and if they persist, shall be suppressed. Attorney-General Bates has been consulted on the subject, and says that the Government would be perfectly justified in doing so."

The friends of Jeff. Davis and secession cannot certainly object to such a rule, for it is the one the secessionists have practised upon from the first.

☞ "**Mental Intellect.**"—A correspondent of the Louisville Courier, who saw a great deal of General McClellan in Paris, says "the animal predominates over the intellectual to such a degree as to destroy his *mental intellect.*"

MY FLOWER GARDEN.

AUGUST.

These sultry August noons, when all nature sinks into a drowsy siesta, nothing wide awake but the singing locusts high up in the leafy trees, make you long

> "—— to be away,
> Wasting in wood paths the voluptuous hours."

Your fancy wanders, if your feet cannot, into haunts of deepest shade, lured on by the tinkle of water running over mossy stones, or plashing from piled up rocks. You delight in banks of feathery fern, nurtured to its utmost limit of luxuriance by the waterfall's perpetual spray; the modest beauties of mosses and lichens in their endlessly varied forms, have a special attraction; you find a charm even in the great-leaved water plants growing rank in unsunned recesses. For the fierce heats of midsummer turn your garden mould to dust—the flowers, in their gorgeous pageantry of scarlet and crimson and burning gold, flaunting in the face of their lord the sun, make you over-warm even to look at them—the pleasantest images are those of shade and coolness and moisture.

A clear stream running through your garden! that indeed would mend all defects, open out endless possibilities of beauty, leave nothing more to wish for. But the localities so favored are rare. Years ago I slept at a farm-house on the banks of the beautiful Brandywine, and I never can forget the novel pleasure of waking in the still summer dawn to the singing of birds, and the still sweeter greeting of a lively rill, that danced over its rocky bed in a succession of tiny waterfalls directly under my window. It was a strangely delicious sensation to ears just escaped from the grating noises of city streets.

In towns, where such a thing as a bubbling spring is unattainable, some of its beautiful results may be secured at small expense by conducting a water-pipe so as to feed by constant trickling, itself unseen, a rich bank of mosses, ferns, and water-plants, such as you see in deep, shady woods and vainly long to take home for your every day delight. At the base of such a mound would flourish the Japan Lily, the most ethereally elegant of all its lovely tribe—the queen of white lilies, pure and graceful and exquisitely sweet as your daintiest imagining. In such a spot, with the constant moisture that it loves, you could have it in perfection, rising up fair as a dream from its shelter of broad green leaves—a fresh flower every morning through all the month of August.

One of the prettiest ways of cultivating your woodland favorites is in the hanging baskets and vases so justly admired, and of late quite common. I have seen elegant designs in earthenware and iron. A cocoanut shell perforated with gimblet holes, lined with moss and filled with mould, will answer the purpose; and when wreathed about with some luxuriant growth, cannot fail to look well. We can afford simplicity in the receptacle, when nature gives us, in the least of her works, that perfection of grace and beauty which art is ever striving after. Our woods are rich in climbing and creeping plants that an artist's eye would delight in. I have seen nothing more pleasing for a hanging basket than one of these, which I am not able to name, with thick green leaves, flesh-colored underneath. It was thriving luxuriantly, and had a most picturesque effect. The whole basket may be dipped in water every morning to keep it fresh, and suspended again from the porch-roof.

The species of passion flower that grows in the open ground, is blooming now. Though less delicate than its sisters of the tropics, it has the same distinctive features—the dread symbols of the Sacrifice for sin, the mystic lines wherein we read the wondrous story of God's love to man. What may have been the origin of this, its consecration as the holy family of flowers, matters little. Native to South America, its significance probably first occurred to one of those Catholic missionaries sent out by the church in its early days of apostolic power; men who went forth free from fear as if already disembodied, borne over the world by one great thought as on the wings of angels, the name of Jesus burning in their hearts, and on their lips his message to all lands and people. We may fancy such a one threading his difficult way through the magnificent forests of tropical America, where the trees rise in primeval grandeur above an undergrowth of chaotic beauty and hideous entanglement. Emerging as from a cavern, he finds himself on the bank of one of those noble rivers that roll on, mile after mile, their majestic length of waters through the populous solitude, making the only open spaces in that vast wilderness. He looks up gratefully through the free blue air, and over the broad rushing river, then upon the ground at his feet he sees trailing conspicuously over the white sand a beautiful vine—a new flower—

> "A pale, starry, dreamy looking flower,
> As from a land of spirits."

He bends above it, poring over the curious structure of the blossom, unlike all others. A sudden thought strikes through his heart. He sinks upon his knees beside it, looking more closely. Surely they are all there! the emblems of extremest mortal pain endured by infinite love—the crown of thorns, the cross, the wounds! The delicate floral tracery glows with life, as it were God's own handwriting; awful, yet strangely sweet the tale it tells. That Christ so loved the world dissolves his soul afresh. With clasped hands and streaming eyes, thinking of his dear Lord and Master, he blesses the radiant blossom for the new consecration it inspires of heart and life—the new and more glad renunciation of all human joys; and in that rapture of adoring love the Passion Flower receives its baptism.

The Passion Flower—the fair stranger from the new world—what a welcome it must have received at its first introduction, from the fervent spirits of the Middle Ages! How enthusiastic its culture in those grand old Abbey gardens that I so delight to dream of! I can see the careful brother planting out his precious seedlings, lavishing upon them every affectionate tendance, training their graceful growth about some daintily carven cross, watching day by day till the mystic plant unfolded its wondrous bloom. I can see his cowled head droop in a trance of devotion as he ponders the meaning of its starry flowers, its triune leaves, its clasping tendrils. Pondering still, he paces the alleys' cloistered gloom rapt in brooding shadows of holy thought. How seductive was the way to Heaven, into which so many in that day rushed with undoubting credence! Delusion never put on a fairer seeming of truth than in this Idea of monastic life—shutting out the world, that Christ might be all in all. If it had not been so fully proven, if it had not so utterly failed, many of the saintliest spirits that now find themselves aliens and strangers here would surely try it again, as a visible port of refuge in stress of temptation. But that belief has had its day. Many found, to their terror, that the serpent was in the heart, and that high walls and rigid vows but kept him there, eating away the life of the soul to its utter destruction; that "Holiness unto the Lord" which they longed for with such fervent aspiration, strove to secure by such elaborate precaution, must be sought not in rest, but in action; not supinely waited for, but valiantly snatched out from the thickest of the fight.

LATE NEWS.

The Government begins to Realize that this is a Life or Death Struggle.—The Government has prohibited the carriage by Express Companies of all letters between the loyal and rebel states.

The U. S. Grand Jury of New York having presented the Daily News, Day Book and Journal of Commerce of that city, and the Brooklyn Eagle, the Postmaster-General has issued an order prohibiting their carriage through the U. S. mails.

The Trenton True American being unable to make a living in that loyal state, in consequence of its notorious sympathy with the rebels, has hit upon the ingenious dodge of suspending its publication, assigning as reasons the threats of destruction by mobs, and the determination of the Government to prevent the issue of disloyal newspapers.

Reports from western Virginia represent that the Union forces there are in good spirits, and that they feel confident they can sustain themselves against any attack that may be made upon them.

The Union Governor, Gamble, of Missouri, has issued a proclamation calling into the field the Missouri militia to the number of 10,000 cavalry and 32,000 infantry, to repel invasion.

Some of the female spies in Washington have been placed under supervision.

The Bridgeport Farmer, a tory paper, has been suppressed by a mob.

A disturbance at a public Union meeting in Cumberland, Maryland, begun by secessionists, to prevent Ex-Governor Thomas from making a loyal speech, resulted in a mob which drove home the rebels and caused the destruction of the office of the Jeffersonian, a tory newspaper. The next morning, when the railway train was coming east, about 8 miles from Cumberland, a large number of armed men were seen rapidly descending the neighboring hills, expecting the cars to be thrown off the track by some obstructions placed across the rails. Fortunately the engineer managed to clear the track and escape, the rebels firing several shots at the cars ineffectually. Governor Thomas being in the train, their design was to seize him.

On Saturday an incensed mob threatened the Delaware Gazette, at Wilmington, Del., with destruction, for its insurrectionary sentiments. The Mayor and police defended it.

It was said that Senator Johnson, of Tennessee, will soon return to that State at the head of a Union army equipped at the expense of the government. This is the only condition, the Senator says, on which he will go back to his State.

Mr. J. C. Breckinridge recently attempted to get up a riot in Lexington, Ky., on the appearance of some U. S. cavalry with a load of arms for the Union men. Upon their arrival, Breckinridge came out of the principal hotel, and exclaimed, in an excited manner, "What are these damned scoundrels doing in town? If I had fifty men to back me, I would drive them out in twenty minutes." Offers of that number of men, and more, were immediately made. The signal was given for the assembling of the State (rebel) Guard, and immediately afterwards the Home Union Guard was summoned. Both were under arms, and a collision was prevented only by the most energetic efforts of a number of prominent citizens.

A Letter from Senator Bright.—The following letter was found on the person of one T. B. Lincoln, of Texas, recently arrested in Cincinnati:—

> WASHINGTON, D. C., March 1.
>
> *To his Excellency Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederation of States:*
>
> MY DEAR SIR: Allow me to introduce to your acquaintance my friend, Thomas B. Lincoln, of Texas. He visits your capital mainly to dispose of what he regards a great improvement in fire-arms. I commend him to your favorable consideration as a gentleman of the first respectability, and reliable in every respect.
>
> Very truly yours, JESSE D. BRIGHT.

Davis, at the time the above letter was written, was just as much a rebel as he is now. Then, what is Bright?

A Rebel Panic.—The retrograde movement of the rebels at Fairfax recently was a night stampede. Two large scouting parties, mistaking each other in the dark for the Federal enemy, mutually attacked each other. The fire was sharp, their mutual retreat sharper, and each gave to the main body the alarm that McClellan was upon them in full force. A retreat was immediately ordered from Vienna and the Court House, to a defensible point two miles in the rear, and was conducted with such haste that some of the sick died on the way.

Skirmish at Hawk's Nest, Va.—400 Rebels Driven Back—Fifty Killed.—A skirmish at Hawk's Nest, in the Kanawha valley, eight miles beyond Gauley, occurred on the 20th. The rebels, 4,000 strong, advanced to where the 11th Ohio regiment had erected barricades, and were driven back with the loss of fifty killed, and a large number wounded and taken prisoners. Our loss was none killed, two slightly wounded, and one missing. Our forces captured quite a number of horses and equipments.

Banks' Position.—The line of the Upper Potomac is now well guarded, and at the latest reliable accounts General Banks was still resting on the Monaco, having evacuated Sandy Hook. Monaco or Monocey creek is below Point of Rocks, and nearly opposite Leesburg.

☞ Garments for the Seat of War—The breaches made by the artillery.

CHEESE A PREVENTIVE OF DIARRHEA.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"Dis English kase ish goot for vat you call it ven your witties sthay not good by you?" "Summer complaint, I suppose you mean, Hans," said the doctor, "though in medical phrase, we call it diarrhea." "Dat ish it, I hear it pefore, but I cannot goot English." Now the Dutchman had been cured by this very simple remedy last harvest, so he informed my husband; and as far as observation has gone in my own family, it has been with like results.

This changeable weather, from cold to hot, makes this troublesome disease sometimes run into dysentery. The hot days and cool nights of beautiful Mexico, brought this last destructive disease among our troops while stationed there, and carried them off in large numbers. It is well known that in doctors' families little medicine is used; and when our children show any symptoms of the trouble I have mentioned, they at once get a hearty drink of sweet milk, which has been skimmed and scalded, as little food as possible is allowed them, and that white bread and cheese, or milk-porridge, (I mean sweet milk and flour,) plenty of the hot skim milk is given them which is very pleasant medicine, and the next day generally finds them as hearty as ever. Cheese is a good facilitator of digestion, indeed *pepsin*, the name of one of the active agents in rennet, is taken from the Greek verb *pesso* or *pepto* to digest.

M. J. STEPHENSON.

PROPOSED ATTACK ON PHILADELPHIA BY THE REBELS.

The Richmond Despatch of Aug. 10th, explains the difficulty the rebel generals find in obeying the popular cry of "On to Washington." It says the troops were too exhausted to attempt it on the day of the battle, besides being too much scattered at the various fords across Bull Run. It further speaks of the strong fortifications of the "sink of iniquity," to storm which would involve a loss of valuable lives, while a flank movement would require an advancing army of 80,000 men. The Despatch then continues as follows:—

> "*To feed such an army a week would require nearly three hundred four-horse wagon loads of bacon and the same number of flour.* This one item alone will show what herculean preparations must be made to move such a mass; and it must be remembered, too, that we are also embarrassed by the cutting off of many of our sources of supply, the fatal mistake of our people relying upon the North for the commonest articles of ordinary use, coming home upon us now at the most inopportune time. It would be a most delightful *coup* to catch Abraham Lincoln, Granny Scott, and the whole brood of vipers at one jump, and doubtless many of our soldiers would commit the innocent mistake of putting bullets through the cranium of Sumner, Wilson, Lovejoy, *et id omne genus of non-combatants*, who go upon wine frolics to Bull Run. It would be a crushing blow upon the North in European estimation, where the taking of a nation's capital is regarded as the most humiliating defeat and abject subjection.
>
> But we know that the mere taking of Washington, unless we could catch the vile leaders in one net, would not end the war. They would remove to some other location, and there concoct anew their damnable schemes. An immense army has been congregated in Washington, and there would doubtless be a most desperate resistance upon their part. We have very little doubt that we should whip them; but why risk anything at all? The same crushing blow could be struck without so much hazard, and without causing us to mourn the loss of so many gallant spirits as the dearly-bought victory at Manassas cost us.
>
> Determined to wage this war with proper vigor, the Secretary of War has urged the raising of 500,000 men at once. Responding to the call, our people will eagerly rush to arms at once, and by the 15th of September, at least, an army of 125,000 men could concentrate upon the Maryland border, leaving 50,000 men to guard the approach to Richmond, and appropriate forces to defend Aquia Creek, Norfolk, and all other needed points.
>
> Our column could then take up its march, *not for Washington*, but for *Philadelphia*. Let us strike at the fountain head, the vast receptacles of Northern stores, and the workshops from which they fit out their armies. It would be far easier for us to take Philadelphia than to capture Washington. Even if we should give them notice of our intention to pursue this course, they would not believe us, and our army would be far on its road through Pennsylvania before the wise noodles in Washington would wake to the reality of our movement. They think that they are safe so long as Washington remains in their power. Even the giant intellect of a McClellan will not save them. The combined genius of their acknowledged best generals, Scott, Mansfield and McDowell, could not withstand the blighting touch of Southern prowess. Let us not talk of taking their fortified places any longer. Leave Washington, like Fortress Monroe, Fort Pickens, Fort McHenry, Tortugas, and other places, for after-consideration.
>
> Let the war be carried into Africa, let the enemy be made to feel the blasting, desolating effects of our conquering arms. What a shaking and quaking would there be in the high places around the *Court*, when we thus would step in between their dainty lordships and their gracious followers of the North. Menaced from all sides, for Maryland would at once rise, there could be no escape except by sea; and it does seem to us that batteries sufficient to command the Potomac might ere that be located *somewhere*. We go in for a scheme which will crush out this vile brood, root and branch. With Philadelphia in our hands, we should have something with which to help pay the expenses of the war; and it behooves us to procure some of the needful, as Abraham and his sagacious friends have determined to make us pay their war debt of six hundred millions!
>
> If we take Washington we gain a moral victory, not a substantial one; and we have still the onward movement to make. There we shall find nothing but cumbrous masses of stone, which can be of no service to us; in Philadelphia we shall find vast stores of everything, and the material and workshops with which to supply our armies in the future. Then our revenge would not be sweet enough unless we could tread with marshal step through the broad streets of New York, quarter in the palatial mansions of the merchant princes, who have rioted *in dreams* upon the possessions of the *to be* conquered Southerners. New York must be humiliated beyond all other cities, for she has grown fat and insolent upon the wealth which the South has poured into her lap.

☞ **A Hint for General McClellan.**—"After we had hanged a few contractors, I am bound to say that the quality of beef served out to the troops improved amazingly."—*Sir C. Napier's Dispatches.*

SPARING OF LOVE.

BY MRS. F. F. MOORE.

I saw a man and his wife, one day,
Going to town with wheat.
She held a child in her round, red arms;
Another sat at her feet.
She spoke to her husband, roughly enough;
He frowned and whipped his team;
While the baby, tired of the dust and heat,
Began to kick and scream.

I saw the judge and his lady pass
With a span of shining bays.
She called for a flower that peeping up
From the roadside caught her gaze.
He growled out "Pshaw!" and drove straight on,
With a crack of his glittering whip;
And the lady sank on the cushioned seat,
With rage on her brow and lip.

Then I said to my heart, "When *thou* art wed,
Be sparing of all thy bliss;
Else thy love be spent, and thy beautiful dreams
Shall end in a life like this!
Let thy kisses and smiles be grand and rare
As rainbows in the night.
Feed Hymen daintily. Let him be
Ever a new delight."

Alas! for our calm and brave resolves!
Love breaks them in reckless glee:
No sunset has missed my welcome kiss
Since Theodore married me.
But let it be so. 'Tis the over wealth
My full heart cannot keep;
And I would not pour its life-wine out,
If the fountain were not deep.

YOUR LIFE IN YOUR HAND.

A TALE OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.

In 1857, that year ever memorable in the annals of India, having been recently appointed adjutant of one of the irregular infantry regiments in Bengal, I was stationed at ——, a few marches from Lucknow.

As is usual in such corps, the European commissioned officers consisted of three, Captain T., commandant, Captain W., second in command, and your humble servant, Lieutenant Clinton Coolanessy. Our commanding officer, Captain T., was, at the time I write, laid up with fever, and absent at a hill station; so that Jack W. and myself, with a smart sergeant-major and a worthy but nervous quartermaster ditto, shared the drill and responsibilities of the regiment between us.

It was in April, then, when the fierce rays of a morning sun, that even at the early hour of six was a precursor of the blistering heat that commences at this period of the Indian year, I was on the parade-ground, superintending the recruit instruction in target practice, when our sergeant-major reported to me that the recruits, consisting principally of men of the Brahmin caste, with some few Mussulmans among them, had refused to receive the ball-cartridge about to be issued to them.

Now, shortly previous to this, a rumor of the Barrackpore disturbances on what was termed "the cartridge question" had reached us, and been discussed at the different stations; still we were hardly prepared for the ugly contingency of finding that a spirit of mutiny, originating, apparently, at a distance of several hundred miles, had already reached our own door. Mounting my horse, however, I galloped up to where the recruits were formed, and demanded why they did not commence firing. After some hesitation, one of their number said that their comrades in the regiment had told them the cartridges were "unclean," and that they would lose caste if they used them. I ordered them to instantly receive the cartridges, and if they had any representation to make afterwards, it would be received, and the practice went on. I saw at a glance how things stood, and that the recruits were merely the clouds that preceded the coming storm; and so it proved.

On the following morning, upon the issue of ball-cartridge to the regiment, the quartermaster-sergeant, a somewhat nervous individual, hastily approached, and, in a trembling voice, intimated that the men, one and all, had refused the cartridge; and, on my riding up to them, they positively declined handling the cartridges as "unclean." I now thought it time to lay the matter before Captain W., the acting commandant, who, sending for the native officers, directed them to issue the cartridges to their respective companies. This also failed, and our appeal to the men was received in dogged silence. The parade was then dismissed, and a report sent off at once to Captain T., the commandant, at the neighboring hill sanitarium, who hastened down, paraded the men, and, on a threat of instantly reporting the regiment to the brigadiers as mutinous, the men at last consented to receive the obnoxious cartridge. Captain T., who was suffering severely from illness, returned to the hills, preparatory to leaving for England, and thus, for the time, the ominous storm was suspended, but not dispersed.

Again rumors were rife that the flame of mutiny was fast extending itself towards the Upper Provinces; the — Regiment had just murdered nine of their officers in the mess-room, and it began to be whispered abroad that the spirit of disaffection was not confined to the military, but was rapidly spreading over the entire population of Bengal. Nor were we long left in doubt as to the realities of our situation.

I was just preparing for my evening canter on the — of April, when Sew Sing, our havildar-major (native sergeant-major), in whom I had great confidence, and a special favorite of mine, ran up, and urged me, in God's name, not to proceed in the direction of the lines, as the men were in great excitement, and all running towards the bells of arms and seizing the muskets. I rode at once to W.'s quarters, and reported what had occurred. Hastily dressing himself, we galloped to the parade-ground, but, ere we got there, were met by the native officers, who begged us not to enter the lines, that the men were mad with excitement, but they promised all should go well if we would only allow time for their "muggage" to cool down, and not report the regiment to the authorities. "Very well," said W., than whom a cooler or braver man did not exist—"very well," said he; "I'll give you to the morning, and then if this disturbance is not at an end, on their heads be it."

We turned our horses. "Now, Clint," said W., "I fear the game is going against us, and these rascals are but trying to gain time; so tear down and report the state of the regiment, so that Sir Henry may send a force by the morning, and crush the thing before it goes further." This last alternative of reporting the regiment was a painful one to us both, but things had, we considered, gone so far there was no help for it; accordingly, a brief report of what had occurred was made, and we were, in reply, directed to parade the men by daylight next morning, when "all would be ready to *communicate* with them!" We knew what this meant. We issued, however, the necessary orders for the morning parade at daylight, and lay down in our clothes to rest our minds, if possible, after the excitement of the day. But sleep did not, as it may be supposed, trouble us much. For my part, I almost hoped that death might come at once and terminate this terrible suspense, and free me from the horrors of the coming morning; we felt our lives hung on a thread, and that amongst the thousand armed men of the regiment surrounding us, aliens to us in country, ties, and religion, and incited to frenzy by religious fanatics, we could hardly hope for such a miracle as being allowed to see the morning light.

"Well, Clint," said W., "I would rather they would finish us at once than be in this state; and if we do get through the night, what a pleasant job we have on parade to-morrow at daylight, sitting our horses at the head of the regiment, whilst our friend Dick Waller rattles up his guns in front of us, unlimbers, loads with grape, and waits for the word!"

"I hope he'll say something civil to us, for old acquaintance sake, before he begins," observed I; "though, for that matter, it don't signify much, for we are sure to have it from either front or rear, friends or foes; but I think it rather hard we should come in for what's intended for these rascals. I say! let us, when we have paraded the regiment for them, which is all they can reasonably expect, drop the connexion and ride over to our friends!"

"My dear Clint, quite out of the question! Order and etiquette direct us to remain with our men, and receive what the brigadier has promised to 'communicate to us,' so if you have any last words, write them down sharp, and I'll see if my tiger for a trifle will take them to camp."

In such cheerful converse we passed the few remaining hours to daylight, although occasional silence occurred between us, and our thoughts were far away, of those dear ones of our home, of her whose eyes would dim at poor Clint's fate! But hark! what's that? the morning gun? We were already dressed.

"Clint," said W., "ride quietly down the L——w road, and let me know if you hear troops approaching; but be back sharp for the parade."

It was quite dark, but towards the east a faint pale grey tint sprang up from the horizon, and melted away in the deep blue dome above us, and a light air from the same quarter indicated the direction from which we might some hour hence expect the molten orb of day. As I mounted, I saw one or two dusky figures flitting about the compound of the house, and to my inquiry of who they were, a smooth-toned dulcet voice said, "My lord's orderlies and the bugler." "Sound," said I to the latter, and ere I had proceeded a dozen yards on the L——w road, the "assembly" rang out from the gloom. Strange creatures of habit we are! Here was a regiment that, although no acts of actual violence had been committed, were in open mutiny, and yet the subordinate members of which were performing their duties as if no such crime had occurred, or such a thing as retribution was at hand!

I had not proceeded half a mile from the officers' houses, and in an opposite direction to the men's lines, than I dismounted, and placing my ears on the ground, heard distinctly the dull rolling of guns. I turned my horse, and drove sharply to the parade-ground. The men were falling in in their usual quiet manner; in another ten minutes the parade was formed; again the bugler sounded the officers' call, and W. cantered up, and taking his place in front of the extended line, awaited the brigadier's communication; nor were we long expectant.

The grey tint in the east was by this time streaked with rose color, and objects began to be dimly perceptible. From a small hillock on our right front, a long dark line, like a gigantic black snake, was gliding up within musket-shot of us, and slowly unwinding, extended itself in front of our line. A single trumpet note rung out in the clear morning air, and in less time than I take to write the words, six gleaming port fires burst the gloom, and tinted with their bluish light the dark muzzles of as many guns directed towards us! and the words, "Load with grape," in the unmistakable voice of Dick Waller, followed by hollow thuds from the guns, the ringing of ramrods and the drawing of swords, broke the previous ominous silence, and promised a rapid completion to the delicate attentions in preparation for us. Two or three riders now galloped up to our line, and the tall commanding figure of Sir H. revealed itself through the grey morning light.

His advance had, I observed, a very tranquilizing effect on the nerves of our colored comrades, and I may add, was by no means unpleasing to W. and myself, who, seeing the preparations in front, and that a body of cavalry had been detached to outflank us, had at one period conceived the idea that an inexorable sense of duty in making an example "pour encourager les autres" might render Sir H. oblivious of the existence of such insignificant beings as W. and myself, and thus make a mash of us altogether. Somewhat of relief, therefore, it was when he addressed us as follows:

"Men of the — Regiment: I was informed that some misguided men amongst you had, from base motives of their own, led you to suppose that it was intended to destroy your caste by issuing unclean cartridges for your use, and thereby incite you to rise against the government that has so long fed, pensioned, and taken care of your families. I tell you such statements are false, and that you may assure yourselves that these persons have lied. I have directed that you may send to the arsenal, where the cartridges are made, such men as you may select, to see them made up. I came with this force to judge for myself ere I dealt the blow that was to destroy you. I find you have been misled, but are still faithful to your salt. You will proceed to-morrow to Lucknow, and prove to your comrades there that you are loyal and faithful to your government."

We were then, to our great relief, dismissed to our lines, and our friend Dick Waller muttered to us, as he passed at the head of the retiring column, "Not offer a drain of beer to a poor fellow this hot morning!" Our sergeant major told me that he had heard some of the Sepoys say, in bringing up the rear, "Never mind, brothers, *we won't let the Gora* log hurt you!*" And thus ended scene the second.

If we had reason to congratulate ourselves on the amicable termination of this interview, we had hardly reason to do so on the pleasant prospect on the morrow. To march the regiment into Lucknow in their present state of feeling, through a country by this time in open insurrection, was not encouraging, and we felt that the most "laudable" of the insurance offices might be held excused for rejecting on any terms a policy on our lives.

The rest of the day was passed in issuing the necessary orders for our march the following morning, and I may challenge contradiction in asserting that our night was not a pleasant one.

But the morning dawned and found us still in the land of the living. Again the bugles assembled our *dear* comrades in arms, their pouches filled with ball-cartridge, and all was ready for the move, when a sowar was seen advancing at speed before us, his horse's side "fiery red with haste." Selecting W., he delivered a note from the "Burrah Sahib." I glanced towards the men, who, with ordered arms, were "standing easy." Eager looks towards us, and whispering among themselves, left little doubt that they expected a crisis, and knew that the note now open before W. conveyed information of its occurrence. I well knew the cool nerve and self-possession of Jack W., but was not quite prepared for his *sang froid* on this occasion. Turning to the men with a laugh:

"Here," said he, "is a note from the general to tell us that the Sepoy regiments in cantonments have mutinied, and that we are to march at once into Lucknow and teach those sons of burnt fathers their duty to the government that has so long clothed and fed them. We march by M——d, and are first to give the dirt-eaters there a lesson."

"Attention! Shoulder!" &c., and the regiment was on its march to the devoted city.

"Clint," observed Jack, holding out the general's note to me, "there's our death-warrant. Of course we will do our duty, but it's folly in the present state of things to hope the regiment will march into L——w, much more quell the insurrection of the people of M——d, who are determined to cut us off from L——w. But come along, and never say die!"

We marched on in no enviable frame of mind till the burning rays of a vertical sun, and the lagging pace of the heavy-laden Sepoys, reminded us of the necessity of a halt, and accordingly we directed our march from the road to a tope of trees in the neighborhood of M——d, which we were now fast approaching. "Clint," said W., "take and throw out a few men in extended order towards the trees in front, for I am sure I see fellows moving among them."

Deploying the regiment into line we advanced steadily towards the tope. Those who are unacquainted with the native character, and who suppose they are like Europeans, guided by certain rules of action adapted to a certain condition of things, are miserably mistaken. We had pulled the men through what may be styled passive action, but it was monstrous to expect them to engage in actual conflict with countrymen, and at this point we felt the tide must turn against us; but the prospect of death now became familiar to us, and we continued to issue the necessary orders, and they were obeyed, too, with as much alacrity as the presence of a force of five thousand Europeans could have ensured!

As we neared the trees, however, the men hesitated, and a voice or two called out, "Kill the Kaffres!" At this moment, when we thought all was lost, a volley from the trees saved us. Two of our skirmishers fell, one of the men near me was shot through the arm.

"Look!" shouted out W., pointing to the fallen men, "those filth-eaters from town have killed your brothers!"

The word was given, and with a yell we rushed at them with levelled bayonets. Shot down and bayoneted, the surviving wretches fled into their town, where we left them in quiet possession to ponder over the lesson they had received. We then resumed our march, and in due time, without further adventure, and by previous arrangement with our friends in the city, we stole a night march into the good city of L——w, avoiding thereby the ceremony of leaving our cards with our colored friends encamped on the other side. We were received by all with hearty congratulations, and if Jack W. and myself bore with becoming diffidence the laudations on the consummate assurance which had carried us through such dangers, none were so loud as our men in their loyalty to the Sircar, and their determination to die in its defence! And incomprehensible as it may appear, their gallant conduct during that ever memorable siege fully bore out these somewhat apocryphal assertions.

---

* Europeans.

THE OLD EPISCOPAL CHURCH AT HAMPTON, VA.

[SEE ENGRAVING ON FIRST PAGE.]

The old church at Hampton, Virginia, which we illustrate from an engraving in "*Frank Leslie*," was supposed to be the oldest church, with one exception, in the United States. The town was situated on the left bank of the James River, about two miles from its entrance into Chesapeake Bay, and about ninety-six miles from Richmond, Virginia. It was settled about 1705, and has experienced some vicissitudes. Its population has not varied much in the last few years, and was recently, we believe, about two thousand. The old Episcopal church was built of brick brought from England, and during the last war with that power it was occupied by the British troops as a barrack. The bell having been broken, it was replaced at the conclusion of the war, by the then reigning monarch.

In a former issue we have given an account of the total destruction of the village of Hampton, together with the Old Church. The voice of prayer will be heard no more within its walls, it will know no more vicissitudes, whether of war or peace. Unless better reasons than we have yet heard are given, posterity will blame this wanton conflagration as an act of unmitigated barbarism.

THE GUEST.

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."—*Rev.* 3: 20.

Speechless sorrow sat with me;
I was sighing wearily!
Lamp and fire were out; the rain
Wildly beat the window pane.
In the dark we heard a knock,
And a hand was on the lock;
One in waiting spake to me,
Saying sweetly:
"I am come to sup with thee!"

All my room was dark and damp;
"Sorrow," said I, "trim the lamp;
Light the fire, and cheer thy face;
Set the guest-chair in its place."
And again I heard the knock:
In the dark I found the lock—
"Enter, I have turned the key!
Enter, stranger,
Who art come to sup with me!"

Opening wide the door, he came;
But I could not speak his name;
In the guest-chair took his place,
But I could not see his face;
When my cheerful fire was beaming,
When my little lamp was gleaming,
And the feast was spread for three,
Lo! my Master
Was the guest that supped with me!

—*Harriet McEwen Kimball.*

AN OLD STORY OF OLD GIBRALTAR.

FROM A LONDON PERIODICAL.

Between Gibraltar and Malaga, on one of the spurs of the mountains which run from the mainland to the sea, is situated the castle of Fuengerola. It is an old Moorish building, with walls of great thickness, cemented with mortar, which has hardened into a substance more durable than the stone. Previously to the French occupation, our engineers attempted to destroy it, but failed. The general feature of the surrounding country is alternate ridge and ravine; all sufficiently rugged; very pretty for skirmishing, but little adapted to the regular movements of a line.

I was quartered at Gibraltar in the year 18—, and for some reason or other—I never could understand exactly why—the Deputy-Governor of Gibraltar appears to have set his heart on the capture of this place. I never saw that it could do us much harm in the hands of an enemy, and I am sure that it would never do us any good in our own. But to reduce it would make a "diversion," a favorite proceeding in the tactics of the day; in pursuance of which we lost more men in petty operations than would have furnished a powerful army in the field. General Campbell resolved upon having a diversion!—and we had two.

The first expedition was placed under the command of Major-General Bowles, a very disagreeable, but not very effective officer. He failed at Fuengerola—he died gallantly at Albuera. The next trial was confided to the guidance of Major-General Lord Blayney—a very pleasant companion, an excellent judge of cookery, but not destined to become a great general. The only regular troops employed were a very weak battalion of the 89th regiment—of which Lord Blayney himself was the lieut. colonel—commanded by one major, four or five captains (one of whom was on the staff), and a very insufficient corps of subalterns. The troops were accompanied by two six-pounders; and there were detachments, principally composed of foreign deserters, whose British officers, appointed for the occasion, had joined them a few days before the expedition sailed. These were not probable elements of success; the end turned out worthy of the means.

The troops, having been landed at a short distance from the castle, were marched by their noble commander to the summit of the ridge nearest to it. There they were halted, and in due course the word "Dress" was given; but the rocks did not hear the command. The general called out, "Why do you not dress your battalion, Major Grant?" Major Grant moved to the front, and was immediately picked off by a rifleman from the walls of the fort.

About this time an important event was pending—dinner! The noble commander withdrew his men down to the ravine for refreshment—the enemy, who perhaps had already dined, made a sally, and captured our pippin-squeezers; but they did not hold them long. Our men reascended the height, and retook the guns. This point of time is important to my story. The guns were on the right of the line, next to them the Grenadier company; Lord Blayney was on the extreme left; from which position he saw a body of troops approaching his flank.

"Here come the Spaniards," said the noble commander.

"I think they are French," said some officers about him.

"I'll soon show you they are Spaniards," said the lord, and advancing, he took off his hat, and courteously saluted them. They were French! and Major-General Lord Blayney was a prisoner! He was taken to France, where he remained till the peace, and in the interim greatly improved his knowledge of cookery.

As soon as the general was thus unaccountably taken a panic seized the troops. Commencing on the left of the line, it spread to the right, and the whole body in utter disorder rushed down into the ravine, from which they were rescued and re-embarked by the boats of the men-of-war.

Thus ended the military incidents of the raid of Fuengerola. But the consequences were not yet. In all such cases of failure it becomes necessary to look out for a scapegoat. Lord Blayney (even if it had been permissible in those days to bring a lord to a court-martial) was a prisoner of war. Major Grant was killed. Captain Annesley—who ought to have taken the command, at least of the 89th, but did not—was also in the hands of the enemy. The next officer in regimental succession was Barnes, the Captain of Grenadiers—on him the lot fell. He had come from the 10th Hussars, a bad school under a bad master. He brought with him all the coxcombries and vexations of minutiæ which, even to this day, distinguish the martinets of crack cavalry regiments. He made himself especially unpopular among the non-commissioned officers. Hence it was said that a conspiracy was formed against him. It did not break out at once. Several weeks elapsed after the defeat, before rumors began to fly about, and it was determined to bring him to a court-martial on the charge of cowardice; and if the evidence of several sergeants was to be believed, there would be no doubt that he was guilty. They swore, with singular unanimity, that they had seen Captain Barnes running away down the ravine before Lord Blayney was taken, and before any disorder had commenced from the left of the battalion. Now, their duty was to look to their front, and so, to account for their looking to their rear instead of to their front, each was anxious to give some reason for his being able to see down the ravine. One or two accounted for it in this way: they swore that before Lord Blayney was taken, a mounted officer's horse was shot in the rear of the centre, and in falling knocked them down. In rising, one of them declared that he saw the Captain of Grenadiers half-way down the ravine, and quite alone. On the other hand, two captains of artillery—Lloyd and Faede—deposed that before Lord Blayney was taken they had seen Captain Barnes at his post, on the extreme right of the regiment, that he had spoken to them, congratulating them on the recapture of the guns, and that Colonel Warrington,* the mounted officer (whose horse had been shot), could corroborate this evidence; but unfortunately Colonel Warrington was absent in England on leave. The weight of positive evidence was thus in favor of the non-commissioned officers. They spoke as to an unmistakeable fact—that they had seen Captain Barnes running down the ravine before Lord Blayney was taken; Captains Lloyd and Faede swore that they had spoken to him afterwards. But without doubting their veracity, the majority of the court formed the opinion that they had been mistaken as to the time; while the witnesses for the prosecution† could not have been mistaken as to the fact.

I had assisted Barnes in his defence, and retained a strong opinion that he was not guilty.

In the usual course, the proceedings had to be sent to England for confirmation. A considerable time elapsed, when one morning, very early, an orderly woke me, and told me that Colonel Sewell, the commanding officer of the 89th, to which I was temporarily attached, wished to see me immediately. "You know, F——," he said, "that the packet came in last night, and has brought the sentence of Barnes's court-martial. He is cashiered. I cannot bear to tell him. You know him more intimately; I shall be obliged to you if you will break it to him before it appears in orders." The task was not a pleasant one, but I could hardly decline it.

I did not go direct to his quarters, where his wife had been confined a day or two previously, but I sent him a message to meet me on the south bastion. This rendezvous somewhat prepared him. After a few words I told him the truth. He never moved, he never spoke; a fit of catalepsy could not have made him more rigid. I expected every instant to see him fall. At length sounds issued from his motionless lips: "My wife has her first child, and I have not a shilling!"

That night I went to the rooms of the unfortunate couple. It was a melancholy meeting, but it was relieved by an unexpected incident.

A Colonel Wright, of the artillery, had been a member of the court-martial. He had the reputation of being a hard, harsh man, and I looked to him with some apprehension; nor was I alone in my fear. Of course his opinion of the verdict is a secret to me to this day. I can only guess it.

A servant brought in a little parcel, like a pill-box, and a note from Colonel Wright. I opened the parcel first. It contained five or six doubloons. The note said that Colonel Wright, having heard that Captain Barnes was in pecuniary difficulties, begged his acceptance of a trifling assistance.

Many days had not elapsed when I heard that Colonel Warrington had returned. I hastened to him, and begged him to write down for me the substance of a conversation we had had immediately after the event, and long before proceedings against Barnes had been contemplated.

He did so, stating that he perfectly well recollected that after Lord Blayney was taken on the left, he proceeded by the rear of the 89th towards the right; that his horse was shot in rear of the centre; that in its struggles it knocked down some men; that he then proceeded on foot to the right of the battalion, and there found Captains Barnes, Lloyd, and Faede. The confusion then ensued, then the general retreat, and he lost sight of those officers.

This I considered so conclusive that I embodied the statement in a deposition, which I annexed to a memorial to the Prince Regent.

Barnes was restored to his rank, and joined the 89th again in Canada, where, in the action at Christler's Farm, he so distinguished himself as to be noticed in general orders, and consequently obtained the brevet rank of major.

J. S. M. F.

---

* Afterwards Consul-General in Morocco.

† The leading witness and informant for the prosecution was the sergeant of light infantry—a smart, clever fellow, who had been clerk to an attorney in Ireland. He became so conceited on the result of Barnes's conviction, that he principally employed his time in collecting notes for charges against other officers. Carrying this a little too far, he was himself brought to a court-martial, reduced to the ranks, and flogged.

PANIC-STRICKEN SOLDIERS.

The question is often asked, will troops that have fled from a battle-field in a panic ever get over the demoralizing effect? We have in reply only to say that panics are not uncommon things in war, and are not confined by any means to new levies, such as composed our army at Bull Run. Napoleon I., with an army composed of his best veterans, suffered from two panics, among the most disgraceful recorded in military annals, yet the same troops a few days afterward achieved brilliant victories.

In the month of July, 1848, the Italian army, under Charles Albert, was marching toward Mantua for the purpose of besieging that important fortress; the Piedmontese Secretary of War, General Bava, commanded the advance, eleven thousand strong. All went well with the Italian army, and victory seemed within its grasp. The enemy, under the Austrian Marshal Radetzky, was fortified in Verona, and an Austrian Governor was there. One fine morning, (so Gen. Bava relates in his report to the Parliament at Turin,) as the advanced troops marched along a shot was suddenly fired out of a solitary house, a mill seat. The tirailleur raised the cry, "The Austrians! the Austrians!" and precipitately retreated. The cry was repeated by a whole battalion, which at the same time wheeled about and marched back at double quick time. The movement soon degenerated into a wild run. The fright communicated itself to the other troops, and in a short time the whole advance corps of eleven thousand men were dissolved into an ignominious rout, and, in spite of their commanding general, fled for more than ten miles, until their course was arrested by the approach of reinforcements. Gen. Bava resumed his march the next day, and as was ascertained that the shot was purely accidental on the part of the people in the mill. There was no Austrians within miles.

But the most remarkable case of panic is of such recent occurrence that it must be familiar with most intelligent people. At the battle of Solferino, a French corps of fifteen thousand picked troops ran some fifteen miles back to Brescia, because five straggling Austrian huzzars suddenly appeared on the road, their object being to surrender themselves as prisoners to the French. A graphic description of this most disgraceful affair was published at the time, from the pen of H. J. Raymond, of the New York *Times*, who saw the panic.

The battle of Rosbach, which was fought November 5th, 1757, bears a strong resemblance, in many particulars, to Bull's Run. On the occasion referred to, Frederick the Great, with twenty-five thousand men, attacked the combined army of the French and Imperialists, fifty-four thousand strong, under the command of the French Duke de Soubise. Two French regiments fought for a half hour, and then the whole army began to waver, and finally the entire force broke, abandoning arms, artillery, and camp equipage. The rout was continued for more than forty miles from the battle field.

Panics have even seized men in fortified camps and cities. After the battle of Jena, October, 1806, Murat came with three cavalry regiments before the Fortress Steittin, and asked an unconditional surrender. He had, strange as it may seem, no infantry or artillery, still the Prussians at the moment were so panic-stricken that they surrendered the strong fortress to a weak cavalry force. Remberg, the commander, had six thousand men, one hundred and fifty cannon, and plenty of provisions. Napoleon was so astonished at the result that he wrote Murat, jestingly—"that he would melt his guns, as Prussian fortresses were best taken by cavalry."

It must be observed that these strange panics, every one of which took place among veteran regular troops, were without cause. They did not, as at Bull Run, follow a severely fought battle, where the enemy was reinforced, but from the effect of pure hallucination of the mind. Beside these mentioned instances of panics, our disaster at Bull Run properly takes its place as a repulse of a reconnoisance in force. It was nothing more, and would never have assumed other importance if twenty-four hours had elapsed before any report had been made to the public. We repeat that in every instance the panic-stricken European soldiers subsequently fought with superior valor. In the case of our own troops, Bull Run will serve as a stimulus to deeds of heroic action.

ON THE SHORE.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

I.

He sat by my side, on the sea-girt rocks,
Where the spray dashed white and high,
Where the blue sea mocks the sky above,
And the wind goes wandering by;
He told me the wind sang an old love-song,
As it wandered forever and aye;
He told me the sea made love to the shore,
Kissing and wooing it all the day—
Each bird that circled above our heads,
Wheeling so dizzily over,
Was telling or hearing a story of love
From some dizzily wheeling lover.

II.

Now, I sit alone on the sea-girt rocks,
And I look in wonder back,
And say: "I was happy on such a day.
But the joy has flown, alack!"
The wind was a faithless lover,
And the sea was treacherous too,
And the wild birds wheeling over
Were never a one of them true;
He that sat with me was like them—
Neither wind, or ocean, or bird,
Was ever so false as the story
From his whispering lips I had heard.

THE GHOST.

A CURIOUS STORY.

Some time in the year 1800 or 1801, a man of the name of William Morgan enlisted on board the United States' frigate *Souvenir* for a three years' cruise in the Mediterranean. He was an awful-looking person, six feet four inches high; a long pale visage, deeply furrowed with wrinkles; sunken eyes, far up towards his forehead; black exuberant hair, standing on end as if he were frightened at something; a sharp chin; teeth white, but very irregular; and the color of his eyes, what the writers on supernatural matters would call singular and mysterious. Besides this, his voice was hollow and sepulchral; on his right arm were engraved certain mysterious devices, surmounted with the letters "E. M." His every-day dress was a canvas hat with a black ribbon, blue jacket, white trowsers, and low shoes. On Sundays he wore a white beaver, which, among sailors, is thought something extraordinary, and in wet weather he wore a pea jacket, but so short, that it could not fail to attract attention. It is worthy of remark that Morgan entered on a Friday; that the ship was launched on a Friday; that the master carpenter, who built her, was born on a Friday; and that the squadron went to sea on a Friday. All these things had been carefully calculated by the sailors, and they began to look upon Morgan with a sort of mysterious awe.

During the voyage to Gibraltar, Morgan's conduct served to increase the impression his appearance had made upon the crew. He sometimes went without eating for several days together—at least, no one ever saw him eat; and if he ever slept at all, it was without shutting his eyes, or lying down, for his messmates one and all declared, that, wake at what time they would, Morgan would be sitting upright in his hammock, with his eyes glaring wide open. When his turn came to take a watch upon deck, his conduct was equally strange; he would stand in one position, gazing at the stars or the ocean, apparently unconscious of his situation; and when roused by his companions, fall back in a swoon; and, as he revived, would utter the most strange and incomprehensible language that they ever heard. In their idle hours upon the forecastle, Morgan would tell such stories about himself, and his strange escapes by sea and land, that the sailors looked upon him as a gifted being, having the privilege of living for ever; he often, indeed, hinted that his life could not be destroyed, and offered to allow himself to be hanged for the gratification of his messmates. On some occasions he would be found lying on his back in his hammock, apparently without life, his eyes fixed, his limbs stiff and rigid, his lower jaw sunk down, and his pulse motionless—at least, so his messmates said when they went to call the doctor; though, when that gentleman arrived, he always found Morgan just the same as usual, and apparently unconscious of all that had occurred.

As they proceeded on their voyage, which proved, for the most part, a succession of calms, the sailors, having little or nothing to do, either imagined or invented new wonders about Morgan almost every day. At one time a little Welshman declared that, as he was sitting down to dinner, his canteen was snatched from under him by an invisible hand, and he fell upon the deck; a second had his allowance of grog abducted in the same mysterious manner, although he was ready to make oath that he had never taken his eyes off it for a moment; a third had his tobacco-box rifled, though it had never been out of his pocket; a fourth had lost a crooked sixpence, though it had a ribbon passed through a hole in it, and hung round his neck.

These things at length reached the ears of the captain, who, the next time Morgan got into one of his trances, had him confined for four-and-twenty hours, and otherwise punished him on the recurrence of any of these wonderful reports. But this produced no effect either on Morgan or the crew, till at length their wonder was stretched to the utmost bounds by a singular adventure of this man.

One day, the squadron being about halfway across the Atlantic, and the frigate several leagues ahead, with a fine breeze, there was an alarm that the magazine was on fire. Morgan was just coming on deck with a spoon in his hand, but for what purpose is not known; when, hearing the cry of "Magazine on fire!" he made one spring overboard. The fire was extinguished by the daring gallantry of an officer belonging to the vessel. In the confusion and alarm it was impossible to make any effort to save Morgan; and it was considered a matter of course he had perished in the ocean. Two days afterwards, one of the other vessels of the squadron came alongside the frigate, and sent a boat on board with Billy Morgan. Twelve hours after his leap overboard he had been found swimming away gallantly, with the spoon in his hand; when asked why he did not let it go, he replied that he kept it to help himself to salt water when he was thirsty. This adventure fixed in the minds of the sailors an obstinate opinion, that Morgan was either a dead man come to life again, or one not very easy to be killed.

After this, Morgan continued his mysterious pranks, the sailors talked and wondered, and Captain Robinson punished him, until the squadron were within two or three days' sail of Gibraltar, supposing the wind continued fair as it then was. Morgan had been punished rather severely that morning for stargazing and falling into a swoon on his watch the night before; he solemnly assured his messmates that he intended to jump overboard and drown himself the first opportunity. He made his will, dressed himself in his best, and settled all his affairs. He then replenished his tobacco-box, put his allowance of biscuit in his pocket, and filled a small canteen with water, which he strung about his neck, saying that perhaps he might take it into his head to live a day or two in the water before he finally went to the bottom.

Between twelve and one, the vessel being becalmed, the night a clear starlight, and the sentinels passing their rounds, Morgan was distinctly seen to come up through the hatchway, walk forward, climb the bulwarks, and let himself drop into the sea. A midshipman and two seamen testified to the facts, and Morgan being missing the next morning, there was no doubt of his having committed suicide by drowning himself. There were, of course, many discussions on the matter, and various were the opinions of the ship's crew on the subject.

His fate, however, gradually ceased to be spoken of, and the wonder was quickly passing away, when one night, about a week after his jumping overboard, the figure of Morgan, all pale and ghastly, his clothes hanging wet about him, with eyes more sunken, hair more upright, and face more thin and cadaverous than ever, was seen by one of his messmates, who happened to be lying awake, to emerge slowly from the fore part of the ship, approach one of the tables, where there was a can of water, from which he took a hearty draught, and disappeared in the direction whence it came. The sailor told his story next morning; but the majority of the crew were incredulous. The next night the same figure appeared, and was seen by another sailor; it came from the same quarter, helped itself to a drink of water, and disappeared in the same direction it had done before. The story of Morgan's ghost in a day or two came to the ears of the captain, who caused a search to be made in that part of the vessel whence the ghost had come, being under the impression that the jumping overboard of Morgan had been a deception, and that he was now secreted on board the ship; the search ended, however, without any discovery. The ghost made its appearance again the following night, when it was seen by another of Morgan's messmates to empty his tobacco-box, and carry away some of the fragments of the supper that had been accidentally left on the table, with which it again vanished in the same manner as before. The sailor declared that when the ghost made free with his tobacco-box, he attempted to lay hold of him, but felt nothing in his hand but something like cold water.

Captain Robinson was exceedingly provoked at these stories, and caused another, and still more thorough search to be made, but without any discovery; he then directed a young midshipman to keep watch between decks. The night the ghost again made its appearance, and the courageous young officer endeavored to seize it, but the figure darted away with inconceivable velocity, and disappeared. The midshipman, as directed, immediately informed Captain Robinson, who instituted an immediate search, but with no better success than before. By this time the sailors became afraid even of their own shadows, and some of the officers also began to be affected with a sort of superstitious dread. At length, the squadron arrived at Gibraltar, and anchored in the bay of Algesiras, where the ships remained some days, waiting the arrival of those they had come to relieve. About the usual hour that night, the ghost of Billy Morgan again appeared to one of his messmates, offered him its hat, and saying, "Good-bye, Tom!" disappeared as usual.

It was a fortnight or more before the relief squadron sailed up the Mediterranean, during which time the crews of the ships were permitted to take their turns to go on shore. On one of these occasions, a messmate of Billy Morgan's, named Tom Brown, was passing through a tolerably dark lane in the suburbs of Algesiras, when he heard a well-known voice call out, "Tom, Tom! don't you know your old messmate?" Tom knew the voice, and, looking round, recognized Morgan's ghost; but he had no inclination to renew their acquaintance, and so took to his heels as fast as his legs could carry him, and without looking behind him, to see if the ghost followed, ran to the boat where his companions were waiting, and told his story as soon as he could find breath for the purpose. This reached the ears of Captain Robinson, who, being almost sure of the existence of Morgan, applied to the governor of the town, who caused search to be made everywhere, without effect; no one had ever seen such a person. That very night the ghost made its appearance on board the frigate, and passed its cold, wet hand over the face of Tom Brown, to whom Morgan had left his watch and chest of clothes. The poor fellow bawled out lustily; but, before any pursuit could be made, the ghost, as usual, had disappeared in the forward part of the ship. After this, Billy again appeared two or three times alternately to one or other of his old messmates; sometimes in the town, at others on board the frigate, but always in the dead of night. He seemed desirous to say something particular, but could never succeed in getting any of the sailors to listen to his communication. The last time he made his appearance at Algesiras on board the frigate, he was heard by one of the sailors to utter, in a low, hollow whisper, "You shall see me at Malta." After which he vanished.

The Captain was greatly perplexed at these strange and unaccountable visitations, and instituted every possible inquiry into the circumstances, in the hope of finding some clue to explain the mystery. He again caused the ship to be examined, with a view of discovering either the place where Morgan secreted himself, or the means by which he escaped from the vessel. He questioned every man on board, and threatened the severest punishment, should he discover they deceived him in their story, or were accomplices in the escape of Morgan. He even removed everything in the forward part of the ship, and rendered it impossible for any human being to be there without being detected. To the Captain it became a mystery, and the squadron proceeded up the Mediterranean, to cruise along the coast of Africa, and rendezvous at Malta.

It was some weeks before the frigate arrived at the latter place, and as nothing had been seen of the ghost, it was concluded that the shade of Billy Morgan had been appeased, and the affair was almost forgotten. But two nights after the vessel had anchored, two sailors went ashore at La Vallette; they accidentally entered a small tavern in a remote part of the suburbs, where they commenced a frolic, sailor fashion. Among them was the heir of Billy Morgan, who, about three or four in the morning went to bed, not quite so clear headed as he might have been. He could not tell how long he had been asleep, when he was awakened by a voice whispering in the ear, "Tom, Tom, wake up!" On opening his eyes, he beheld, by the pale light of the morning, the ghastly figure of Billy Morgan leaning over his bed, and glaring at him with eyes like saucers. Tom cried, "Murder! ghost! Billy Morgan!" as loud as he could shout, until he roused the landlord, who came to know what was the matter. Tom related the whole affair, and inquired if he had seen anything of the figure he described. Mine host utterly denied having seen or heard anything of such a figure as Billy Morgan, and so did all his family. The report was soon circulated that Billy Morgan's ghost had again appeared. "Heaven and earth!" cried Captain Robinson, "shall I never get rid of this infernal spectre, or whatever else it may be?"

The captain ordered the boat, waited on the governor, explained the situation of his crew, and begged his assistance in apprehending the ghost of Billy Morgan, or Billy himself, as the case might be. That night the governor caused the strictest search to be made in every hole and corner in the little town of La Vallette—but in vain. No one had seen that remarkable being, corporeal or spiritual; and the landlord of the house where the spectre appeared, together with the members of his family, denied all knowledge of such a person or thing. That very night Billy appeared on board the frigate, when he again accosted his old friend, Tom, to whom he had bequeathed all his goods and chattels; but Tom had no mind for a confidential communication with the ghost, and roared out so lustily that it roused the whole crew, but the spectre had imperceptibly glided away.

Captain Robinson was in despair; never was man so persecuted by a ghost as himself. The ship's crew were in a state of terror and dismay. They signed a round robin, drawn up by Billy Morgan's own messmates, representing to the captain the propriety of running the ship ashore, and abandoning her entirely to the ghost, which now appeared almost every night, sometimes between decks, then at the end of the bowsprit, and occasionally on the yards and topgallant mast. In the little town of La Vallette nothing was talked about but the ghost of Billy Morgan, which now began to appear to the sentinels of the fort, one of whom had the courage to fire at it, by which he alarmed the whole island, and made matters ten times worse than ever.

The ship next proceeded to Syracuse, where they had to perform a long quarantine. The vessel was strictly examined by the health officers, and fumigated with brimstone, to the great satisfaction of the crew, who were in hopes this would drive away Billy Morgan's ghost. These hopes were strengthened by their seeing no more of that troublesome visitor during the whole time the quarantine continued. But the very next night after the expiration of the quarantine, Billy again visited his old messmate and heir, Tom Brown; he had the same ghastly appearance, and was dripping wet as usual. After giving him a rousing shake, he whispered—

"Hush, Tom! I want to speak to you about my watch and chest of clothes."

But Tom had no inclination to converse with his old friend, and cried out "Murder!" with all his might, when the ghost again vanished, muttering—

"You —— infernal lubber!"

The reappearance of the ghost caused greater consternation than ever among the ship's crew, and it required all the influence of severe punishment to keep them from deserting.

Poor Tom Brown, to whom the devoirs of the spectre seemed more especially directed, left off swearing and chewing tobacco, and dwindled to a very shadow. He became religious, and spent the greater part of his time in reading chapters in the Bible and singing hymns. Captain Robinson now ordered a constant watch all night between decks, in hopes of detecting the intruder; but all in vain, although there was hardly a night that he did not pay a nocturnal visit to Tom Brown. In addition to the vexation arising from this persevering persecution of Billy's ghost, various other strange and unaccountable things happened on board the frigate:—Tobacco boxes were emptied in the most mysterious manner; many of the sailors would be in a state of intoxication, though they declared they had not drunk more than their allowance. They would solemnly assure the captain that when they went on shore, they would be decoyed by some unaccountable influence, to strange, out-of-the-way places, where they were sure to see the ghost, who would fly through the air in various forms. Wonder grew upon wonder, till it transcended the bounds of human credulity.

At length Tom Brown, the night after receiving a visit from Billy Morgan's ghost, disappeared, and was never heard of afterwards. As the chest of clothes inherited from his deceased messmate was found empty, it might have been surmised that Tom had deserted, had not a sailor, who was on the watch, solemnly declared that he saw the ghost of Billy Morgan jump overboard with him in a flame of fire, and that they hissed like a red-hot ploughshare in the water. After this the spectre appeared no more.

Captain Robinson was a man not given to superstitious impressions, yet he could never account for this mysterious appearance; and as to the crew, there was not one who did not firmly believe in Billy Morgan's ghost, and its appearance was related and exaggerated to such a degree, on their return home, that persons feared to visit the vessel.

The captain remained in a mixed state of skepticism and credulity concerning it, till one day, some years after his return from the Mediterranean, being on a journey to the westward, he had occasion to go to a log-house on the borders of Tennessee, for refreshment. A man came forth to receive him, whom he at once recognized as Billy Morgan.

"Heavens!" thought Captain Robinson, "here's Monsieur Tonson come again!"

Billy, who had also found out who his guest was, when too late to retreat, looked rather sheepish, and invited him in with none of the genuine hospitality peculiar to a backwoodsman. The captain followed him into the house, where he found a comely, good-natured dame, and two or three yellow-haired boys and girls. The house had an air of comfort, and the mistress seemed pleased at the rare incident of a stranger entering the door. Billy Morgan was at first rather shy; but finding the captain treated him with good-humored frankness, he, in the course of the evening, when the children were gone to bed, and the wife was busy milking the cows, took occasion to accost his old commander:

"Captain, I hope you don't mean to shoot me for a deserter."

"By no means," said the captain, smiling; "there would be little use in shooting a ghost, or a man with as many lives as a cat."

"Ah, captain!" said Billy, "you have not forgotten the ghost, I see; but it's a long time to remember an old score, and I hope you'll forgive me."

"On one condition I will," replied the captain, "that you tell me honestly how you managed to make all my sailors believe they saw you, night after night, on board the ship as well as on shore."

"They did see me," replied Billy, in his usual sepulchral voice.

The captain began to be in some doubt whether he was talking to Billy Morgan or his ghost, but thought he would put a few more questions.

"You don't pretend to say you were really on board my vessel all the time?"

"No, not all the time; only on those occasions when the sailors saw me, except previous to our arrival at Gibraltar."

"Then their seeing you jump overboard was all a deception?"

"By no means, sir. I did jump overboard; but then I climbed back again directly afterwards."

"The deuce you did—tell me how."

"I will, sir, as well as I am able. I was many years among the Sandwich Islanders, where the vessel, in which I was cabin-boy, was wrecked. I there learnt to swim, and I can pass whole hours, and I believe days, in the water without being fatigued. I also fell into some of their habits, such as a great dislike to hard work, and a desire to go where I choose, and do what I please. The discipline of a man-of-war did not suit me at all, and I soon got tired of it. To pass the time, and to make fun for myself with the sailors, I told them stories of my adventures, and pretended I could live in the water, and had as many lives as a cat. Besides this, I played them many other pranks partly for amusement, and partly from a kind of pride I felt in making them believe I was half a wizard. The punishment you gave me—though I own I deserved it—put me out of all patience, and I made up my mind to desert the very first opportunity. I had an old shipmate in whom I could trust, and we planned the whole thing together. I knew if I deserted at Gibraltar, or any of the Mediterranean ports, I should certainly be caught, and shot as an example; and for this reason we settled that I should jump overboard, return again, and hide myself in a coil of cable which was stowed away between decks, close to the bows, where it was dark even in the daytime. My messmate procured me a piece of canvas, with which I could cover myself when necessary. To make my jumping overboard have a greater effect with the crew, and to provide against accidents until the ship arrived at Gibraltar, I took care to fill my box with tobacco, and my pockets with biscuits, and to sling a canteen of water round my neck, as I told them I might take it into my head not to go to the bottom for two or three days. I got Tom Brown to write my will, intending to leave my watch and chest to my messmate, who was to return them to me at Gibraltar; but Tom played us a trick, and put his own name in the place of my friend's. Neither he nor I were any great scholars, and the trick was not found out till afterwards, when my friend was afraid of discovery if he made any fuss about the matter."

"Who was your friend?" asked Captain Robinson.

"He is still alive, and in the service. I had rather not mention his name."

"Very well," replied the captain. "Go on."

"That very night I jumped overboard"

"How did you get back into the ship?" asked the captain, hastily.

"Why, sir, the forward port-hole, on the starboard side, was left open, with a bit of rope fastened to the gun, and hanging down so that I could catch it."

The captain exclaimed, "What a set of blockheads we were!"

"Not so great as might be expected," said Billy Morgan, intending to compliment the captain.

"As soon as I jumped overboard, I swam to the rope, which I held fast, waiting the signal from my friend to climb up, and hide myself in the coil of cable. Here I remained in my wet clothes, rather uncomfortably, as you may suppose, until my provision and water were expended, and my tobacco-box was empty. I calculated they would last till we arrived in Gibraltar, when nothing was easier than to jump out of the port-hole, and swim ashore. But the plaguy head winds and calms, which I dare say you remember, delayed the squadron longer than I expected, and left me without supply. My friend promised to communicate with me; but he got into disgrace, for picking a quarrel with Tom Brown, whom he longed to thrash for forging the will, and thus was confined for several days. I remained in this state till I was nearly starved, when, not being able to stand it any longer, one night I crept out of my hiding-place, where I was coiled up in the shape of a cable, and finding a pitcher of water, took a hearty drink out of it. This was as much as I dared to do at that time, so I went back again as quietly as possible. The next night I crept out again, and was lucky enough to get a pretty good supply of provisions. Two or three times I heard search making for me, and expected every moment to be detected."

"How was it possible for the blockheads to miss you?" asked Captain Robinson.

"Why, sir, they did come to the coil of cable where I was, but I believe they were too much frightened to look into it, or could not see me in the dark hole. They did not lift the canvas that covered me either of the times they came. The night I found the officer on the watch, I gave myself up for lost; but, as luck would have it, my friend was now out of limbo, and he always appeared to examine my hiding place so carefully, that no one thought of looking into it after him. When we arrived at Algesiras, I took an opportunity of frightening Tom Brown a little, by visiting him in the night, and wishing him good-bye; after which I slipped quietly out of the port-hole, and swam ashore.

"But how did you manage to escape from the search made by the police at Algesiras?"

"Oh, sir, I was on board the frigate at the time, in my old hiding place!"

"And when the ship was searched directly afterwards?"

"I was on shore at that time."

"And how did you manage at Malta?"

"The landlord was my sworn brother, and would not have blabbed for a thousand pounds."

"And the capers on the yard-arm and top-gallant; the visits paid to Tom Brown at Syracuse, and the wonderful stories told by the sailors of being robbed of their tobacco, getting intoxicated upon nothing, and being led astray by some supernatural power—what do you say to all this, Mr Ghost?" said the captain.

"I never paid but two visits to the ship that I remember, sir, after she left Malta; one was the night I wanted to talk with Tom Brown, the other when he disappeared the night afterwards. The rest of the stories were all owing to the jokes of some of the sailors, and the fears of the others."

"But you are sure that you did not jump into the sea with Tom Brown, in a flame of fire?" said the captain, laughing.

"Yes, sir, as I am an honest man, Tom got away without any help of mine, and without my even knowing how, until a long time afterwards, when I accidentally met him at Liverpool. When he deserted, to quiet his conscience, he left the watch and clothes to my friend, therefore I had no motive for playing the ghost any longer. I shipped in an American merchantman for Smyrna, from thence I went to Gibraltar, and after voyaging a year or two, and saving a few hundred dollars, came to Boston But I did not dare to stay along shore, for fear of being known by some of the officers of the squadron; so I took my bundle and my money and went into the back country. I am a little of everything, a jack-of-all-trades, and turned farmer, as sea captains often do when they are tired of ploughing the ocean. I get on pretty well now, and hope you won't have me shot by a court-martial."

"No," replied Captain Robinson, "I am out of the navy now."

"I hope you prosper well, sir."

"Not quite so well as you, Billy. I have come into the backwoods to see if I can do better."

"Only serve under me," said Billy, "and I will repay all your good offices."

"No, I am going on a little further."

"You may go further and fare worse, sir."

"Perhaps so; but I believe it is bed time, so good night, Mr. Ghost!"

The next morning the captain proceeded on his way, reflecting on the singular story of Billy Morgan, whose pranks on board the frigate had convinced some hundreds of men of the existence of ghosts, and thrown the gloom of superstitious horror over the remainder of their lives. "But one sailor," thought he, "out of more than five hundred, but will go to his grave in the full belief in the appearance of Billy Morgan's ghost. What an unlucky encounter this of mine! It has spoiled one of the best authenticated ghost stories of the age!"

☞ Some-wretch has proposed, as a great *peace measure*, that all the lawyers in the country go to the wars.

PRAYER.

We find the following judicious and greatly needed remarks in the *Sunday-School Times* of this city:—

One of the most common modes in which God's name is profaned is in prayer itself. The assertion may sound strange. But any one who will reflect a little upon the subject will satisfy himself that the charge is true. It is indeed most painful to the truly devout heart to listen to the prayers of some people. The great God is addressed in a tone of flippant familiarity that is most shocking. Such persons string together names and epithets of God in rapid, unmeaning utterance, or they intersperse his name in the midst of their petitions, at the end of every second or third clause, and obviously without aim or purpose, very much as the profane swearer uses that holy name in conversation, as if for the mere lack of other words to fill out the sentence. If such a prayer were written down as it is uttered, the name of God would occupy about the same place in it that the unmeaning words "you know" occupy in conversation. It is merely a convenient phrase thrown in to help the speaker out while waiting for another word. Such prayers would be grotesque, if they were not impious. We will not shock our readers by quoting examples, even by way of illustration. Every one unfortunately can supply them but too well from the stores of his own recollection and experience. Nor is faultiness in this matter confined to the prayers of ignorant persons and of laymen. Clergymen in the pulpit sin grievously in this matter. We have heard ministers, when addressing God in public prayer, rush on in a stream of words, as if striving by mere volubility of utterance to work themselves up to a proper pitch of de-devotional feeling. Such a practice is monstrous. We wish it were more rare.

The sacred name is usually repeated in prayer with entirely too great frequency. In praying we are of course addressing the Most High all the time. But it is not necessary to call out his name at the beginning of every sentence. If we do so, we certainly take his name in vain. We betray a painful lack of reverence for the Holy One whom we are addressing. If we had any adequate conception of his august character, it would not be possible to speak to him thus. In the divine model, he is invoked by name but once, and then only by a softened and endearing appellative.

Some persons, in addressing their Maker in prayer, not only call out his name with painful and irreverent frequency, but they select for the purpose those very titles of the divine being which in the Scriptures seem to have been reserved for only the most solemn occasions, and which express the awful, incommunicable attributes of the Godhead. A word, at ever mention of which the universe might well bow in hushed and adoring reverence, is iterated and reiterated upon the ear, until the pious heart is almost ready to cry out in anguish. The profanity is aggravated by the very tone of voice of the speaker. That name, at the utterance of which, if the heart be rightly tuned, the voice will subside by instinct into tenderness and awe, is jerked out with a sharp, violent, almost spiteful emphasis. It is made to ring in the ears till they fairly tingle with the sound. Surely, if a sharp and noisy utterance be needed at any time, it is not when we take upon our lips the name of the Most High.

It is to be feared, indeed, that few of us pay sufficient attention to the mere tone of the voice, whenever, in prayer or in conversation, we have occasion to speak the name of our Heavenly Father. There is with some persons an affected drawl, a pious cant, quite the opposite of the evil just named, and quite as offensive. The best means for attaining propriety in this whole matter is to cultivate in the heart a spirit of humble, devout, affectionate reverence. We may do much, indeed, in the way of correcting any bad habit that we have contracted in our mode of praying, by giving the subject more specific attention. But, after all, it is the heart that gives tone to the voice. If the heart be habitually penetrated with a proper sense of the divine majesty, the voice will of its own accord become simple and subdued whenever that hallowed name is summoned to the lips.

Let us not, then, forget this first of all the petitions, "Hallowed be thy name." It is no unmeaning formula. We therein ask for an entire revolution in the opinions and practice of worldly men in regard to a matter of hourly occurrence. We ask for a great reform in the practice of even good men. We ask for a thing, the accomplishment of which lies at the foundation of all religion. Let us strive, too, by example, in our humble way, to help forward what we ask for. In our conversation, in our acts of worship, in the very tones of our voice, imitating the reverent tenderness with which we may imagine our Lord himself to have "lifted up his eyes to Heaven saying, 'Father'"—with longing desire as for an object on which the heart is set and cannot take denial—from lips whose subdued utterance of the sacred theme is itself in part an answer and fulfillment of their own request—let the petition daily rise, "*Hallowed be Thy name.*"

☞ Dr. Glen, a rich, miserly old widower, made a proposition of marriage to a young girl. He promised her everything she wanted, if she would have him. "Will you let me keep my carriage?" asked she. "Yes," was the reply. They were married, and a carriage was purchased. "Where's the horses?" inquired the lady. "That's more than I bargained for," said the stingy Doctor; "I promised that you might keep your carriage. There it is. Keep it where you please, my dear!"

☞ The New Orleans Commercial Bulletin says the taste of the times is such that *robes de nuit* are now styled *nap sacks* by the ladies.

THE BULL RUN BATTLE.

From the London Times, August 7.

"The discussions which arose some months ago in the United States of North America have unfortunately assumed the character of open war." Such is the tranquil comment of the royal speech upon the events in the New World which have fallen so unexpectedly upon the ear of Europe. Our Queen has reflected with an excellent fidelity the feelings of her people. After the first surprise was over, and when the "God bless me! you don't say so?" had been said, we think we never heard of a battle in which 75,000 men seem to have been engaged on each side, and which fell so blank upon the public ear, and engaged so little European interest. The fact is that we do not like to laugh, and the sense of the ridiculous comes too strong over us when we would be serious. It is a great battle without the dignity of danger or the painful interest of great carnage. There are all the ridiculous incidents of stark fear and rabid terror, without much real peril and with very little actual suffering. We begin to feel that we have been cheated out of our sympathies. When this war broke out we English all pictured to ourselves two earnest sections of the same population interlaced in mortal combat, warring to the knife and to the death. We received by every mail little samples of an atmosphere of blood and thunder and war and wounds. All America appeared to us, poor dupes! like a fresh exploded mine—all smoke, and fragments, and torn limbs. We fancied our kinsmen reckless, furious, flying at each other's throats, and careless of their own safety. At the same time that they were shaking their knives at each other, they were shaking their fists at us. We trembled for what we were fated to see. We held our breath for the first shock of battle between these two young giants. We shut our eyes against the deadly struggle. We are calmer now. We are all calmer. We are satisfied that these warlike athletes, who were issuing such dire threats against any one who should dare to offer to separate them, are not so very reckless. Since their dissensions have assumed "the character of open war" they have been carried on upon strictly humanitarian principles. If we are to believe the American Press, an American battle has never yet been so dangerous as an American passenger boat, and not much more so than an American railway. The hostile forces shell each other out of strong fortresses without losing a single life. They fight a battle in Western Virginia which determines the fate of a district at the expense of less than a score of casualties; and a great stand-up battle is fought between 150,000 men, ending in a panic and a twenty miles run; and when the "Grand Army of the Potomac" reaches Alexandria, the New York Herald reports that "the killed on our side will be between three and five hundred."

It is very difficult to guage the solidity of anything American—even of a great battle. We know that there was a great rout in front of that gap which runs up into the hills, for we were represented in the ruck, and may say that we saw it with our own eyes and heard the cannonade with our own ears. There is a probability, also, that the number of men present at the battle amounts to the high figure of 150,000, for both accounts seem to agree upon this. Beyond these facts, however, everything seems vague and uncertain. The advance of the "Grand Army of the Potomac" reads in the American papers like a burlesque of the progress of Xerxes to the Hellespont. The great Federal victory of Bull Run, which was flashed over the Northern States, and recorded in the Northern papers, was a thing hovering for hours, while yet in print, upon the confines of fancy and possibility. The abject rout, the ultimate reality, was what we could have least believed. Perhaps we ought to have anticipated that the same ferocious men who had burned up the homesteads on their line of march, would speed back over the embers with pale faces in their panic-flight. But this never did occur to us. It requires the testimony of the Americans themselves, and the witness of our own correspondent, to suggest to us that 75,000 American patriots fled for 20 miles in an agony of fear, although no one was pursuing them, and that 75,000 other American patriots abstained from pursuing these 75,000 enemies because they were not informed how stark frightened these were. Even the artillery were not captured, but picked up. The guns were left behind, because they impeded the flight of the artillerymen, and they might have been, to a great extent, carried off if the apprehensions of the gunners would have allowed them to take advantage of the leisure which the prudent conqueror was so ready to afford. On the other hand, our correspondent thinks that the panic had gone so right to the heart of the North that if Gen. Beauregard had the enterprize to follow up his advantage, he might have gone almost unresisted into Washington City itself. All that the Northern press says upon this subject is to congratulate themselves that the enemy did not know in what a fright they were.

This is not our account of this battle. It is the American account. It is the account of the New York papers, alternating as they do between shrieks of victory, of agony, and of vindictive despair. If they have only lost between 300 and 500 men, it seems to us to be a very cheap lesson. See what they have gained by it. They have found out now that the spirit of patriotism, and even the instinct of combat, does not prevent Northern volunteers from going off in a body, under pretence of their time of enlistment being up, although the morning of the combat may be come and the cannon may be sounding in their ears. They have found out also that even a Northern army can, without much good military reason given, lose its attraction of cohesion, and dissolve into a mob. They have also found out that the Southerners are not to be walked over like a partridge manor, and that they have some military heads among them. Of course, we must expect them to meet these hard facts by a certain quantity of bluster. They must call out a few more millions of volunteers, and they must make a confident demand upon an incredulous world for a few more hundred millions sterling. But behind all this there must rise a gathering doubt that this Southern nut is too hard to crack, and that the military line, as a matter of business, does not answer. The North has now made its experiment, and not only has it not answered, but the process has not been encouraging. As a matter of habit, and to ease the American mind, a certain quantity of threats and tall words may be necessary, and they may pass. But they will be of small avail against the facts as they now stand. In the face of the picture of that screaming crowd—the Grand Army of the Potomac, &c.—these great words from the expectant gentleman at Washington lose every charm.

These people do all in their power to alienate our sympathy, for they are amenable neither to courtesy nor to misfortune. Nothing civilizes them. They seem to think that at all seasons and upon all occasions England is a safe target for their insults and their threats. They either feign very well, or else they positively think they can influence our policy by their bluster. There was a moment, on the 21st of July, when victory was supposed to be with the "Grand Army of the Potomac," and the most popular newspaper in New York seized the opportunity to show what use our excellent friends proposed to make of their victory. The first thought was revenge upon England. After some taunts at what are supposed to be our recent recantations, the organ of New York moderation continues:

"And now, forsooth, because the Queen's Government sees fit to stultify itself, not daring to carry into execution its implied threats, and prohibits the entry of Southern privateers into British ports, we are required to let bygones be bygones, and even to ignore that any cause of displeasure has existed! The absurdity and inconsistency of acknowledging the equal belligerent rights of the Rebel States, and then snubbing them from sheer cowardice and fear of the consequences, bestows no title to consideration, nor will leisurely repentance for hastily offered indignities be considered the slightest atonement, when the time shall have come to resent them. Both England and Spain may rest assured that just retribution will be visited upon them for taking advantage of our domestic disturbances to further their own selfish schemes of aggrandizement. For the outrage offered in the Queen's Proclamation, the United States will possess itself of Canada, and for the invasion of St. Domingo her Catholic Majesty will certainly have to pay with the sacrifice of Cuba. We have, first, to put down rebellion at home, but every hour proves that the war that has begun will be a short one, and that ere the lapse of another half-year armies will exist on the American continent of over half a million of men thirsting for a foreign foe upon whom to expend their strength. When the Union element at the South shall have been fairly emancipated, and the forces of the Republic shall have been united, let Great Britain and Spain beware. Our armies never will consent to lay down their arms while a vestige of European domination remains in the Western hemisphere. Causes of war we have enough, and they will not cool for keeping."

If this is what we are to receive from the supremacy of the North, the North can scarcely expect that we should put up very ardent vows for their conquest of the South. If the conquest of the Southern States means also the conquest of Canada and Cuba, and the establishment of a great military aggressive Power in North America, we may learn to bear more patiently the scene that occurred at Bull Run. We are not, however, fearful enough to be ferocious. On the contrary, we cordially and even sincerely congratulate our would-be enemies, that they have escaped with such small loss from the sword of Gen. Beauregard, and, much as they tell us it would be against our interest, we sincerely advise them to make up their quarrel, and avoid all serious effusion of blood. When they have returned to the habits of peace they will not be nearly so bloodthirsty as they think they will be; or, if they should be, they will not be so mischievous as they say they will be. Spain will know how to keep in check a navy which is now terribly embarrassed by two small privateers, and the Canadas have in other days given a very good account of invaders from the other side of the river. The United States are a very great nation, and we wish them all lawful prosperity; but they are not half so capable of mischief as their newspapers think they are.

A GIRL'S WARDROBE.

Said the hard working mother of two young lady daughters, the other day: "I declare, I don't know what I shall do with Julia. She keeps me forever mending for her. I paid fifteen dollars for a grenadine dress for her not two weeks ago at Stewart's, and on looking at it to day, I find it so torn that it would be a day's work to try to put it in order."

"Why don't you set her to work at it—make her mend it herself?" was asked by the person whom she addressed.

"Oh! dear me, it would be worse than to do it myself: she has never made a stitch of her own clothes, or even mended her stockings in her life."

"Do you intend she shall marry in such ignorance?" asked the visitor.

"Oh! well—I am sure I don't know. What can I do? Her time is so taken up with music, and beaux, and going out, that she can attend to nothing else; and I think, for pity's sake, let her have a good time while she is young—she will come into trouble soon enough."

It would be no use to tell such a mother that her indulgence was selfish, cruel and inhuman—that she was preparing abundant sources of the "trouble" she feared in the future, and depriving her daughter of the means for much present happiness. All that, and much more would be time and breath wasted; and indeed good advice seems always so trite, and stale, and commonplace, that it is invariably reserved for the last corner in country newspapers. But for the sake of future husbands, if mothers are too lazy and selfish to do their share, let the care of the wardrobe be part of the discipline of schools. Let every girl in some way or other be taught to make and mend every article of clothing which is needed in the family, and especially her own. Let the sewing-machine take its place beside the globe in all educational institutions, and a thorough knowledge of it be considered as essential as the piano.

Modern skill has invented charts for dress-making, both for children and adults, which ought also to be used in schools. The principle is simple as that two and two make four, and a few practical lessons would render any girl of ordinary ability capable of cutting out her own dresses, while with the sewing machine, it would be only amusement to make them.

From the Plains.—The Sante Fe mail confirms the report first received through rebel sources, that the Texas troops, under Colonel Loring (late of the army,) are overrunning the Mesilla Valley, and have made an easy capture of Fort Fillmore, with but little doubt that Forts Stanton and Union would quickly follow. Major Lynde, in command of Fort Fillmore, surrendered himself and his 500 troops to the rebels without firing a shot, as indeed resistance against such an overwhelming force would have been hopeless, the fort being hardly more than a palisade. The Major is a Vermonter, and has been in the service since 1827. He will probably be let off on parole, and under the ruling of our Government debarred from further service in the war.

The New Flags.—Gov. Curtin will proceed to Washington, to make a personal inspection of the Pennsylvania volunteers, and present to the various regiments stationed there, at Baltimore, and Point of Rocks, the regimental colors ordered by the Legislature, and now nearly ready. The flags are very handsomely got up; the thirty-four stars encircle the arms of the State, which are beautifully painted on the blue ground, and the number of the regiment is conspicuously placed upon the flag. May they never be disgraced by "going home to the sound of the enemy's cannon," or by Bull runs.

☞ A Question.—Whether the "old wine" so much prized is older than elder wine?

NEWS ITEMS.

It is said that large amounts of money are being freely spent by the confederates for the purpose of rousing up a strong sentiment in favor of peace at the north. Several millionaires of Baltimore, it is known, are being bled willingly in aid of this object.

The government is in possession of evidence which shows that two of the secessionist journals in New York city are supported by the rebel leaders.

Out of three hundred wounded soldiers now in hospital in Washington, there is not one case of injury by a bayonet thrust.

Private advices from Norfolk state that nearly all the rebel troops have left that city for Manassas Junction, and express the opinion that a Federal force of ten thousand men could now capture Norfolk and Portsmouth with ease.

All men enlisted for the regular army are to be sworn in for three years, and the minimum standard of height has been reduced to 5 feet 3 inches.

The success of the Italian loan has been prodigious. The subscriptions amount already to nine hundred millions, instead of five hundred, and will probably rise to double the sum required before the time expires.

The celebrated Italian preacher and writer, the Padre Ventura, died at Versailles on Saturday, aged sixty nine years. He asked and received the Papal benediction a few days before his decease.

Last Words of General Lyon.—A correspondent of the Missouri Democrat states, on the authority of Dr. H. Riechenbach, a surgeon of the First Iowa regiment, the very last words which fell from the lips of General Lyon. The doctor was within a few feet of him when he fell, and was instantly at his side. The general was reclining in the arms of his body servant, when, turning partially round, he said: "*Lehmann, I am going up.*"

McCulloch's army has caused great distress among the loyal population of southwestern Missouri, not less than one thousand men having been forced to leave their homes and property. About seven hundred of them have joined Colonel Boyd's regiment. The baggage train brought from Springfield by our army is said to be worth $1,500,000.

Two Southern agents have been arrested at New York and thrown into Fort Lafayette. They had a large number of letters for the South, and $170,000 in bonds, drafts, acceptances, and Virginia paper money, collected from tobacco houses in Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York. They were arrested by order of Secretary Seward.

The steamer North Star has arrived at New York safely from Aspinwall, with the California treasure.

The new steam sloop-of-war Tuscarora was launched at the Navy Yard on Saturday afternoon. Her keel was laid on the 26th of June. The Tuscarora is the first of her class ready to be launched.

The rebels have christened the late conflict in Missouri the battle of Oak Hill.

The rebels now contradict their bogus battle at Lovettsville, having found out that we had no troops there to fight.

The Jeffersonian newspaper office, in West Chester, Pa., has been seized by order of U. S. Marshal Millward, with all its contents. The office of the Stark County Democrat, at Canton, Ohio, has been entirely destroyed by the volunteers of that place.

Mayor Berrett, of Washington, has been arrested, and sent to Fort Lafayette, in New York harbor. He refused to take the oath of allegiance.

Riot at Easton.—The office of the *Easton (Pa.) Sentinel*, a paper advocating peace and compromise, was gutted by a mob on the 19th. Col. Philip Johnson, member of Congress elect from the district, was burned in effigy, and made to show his colors. The offices of two other Democratic papers besides the Sentinel also were visited, but no mischief done—the idea being to give them another chance. Ex-Senator Brodhead's house was visited, but the stars and stripes were hanging from the window. A number of returned volunteers were in the crowd.

Payment of Volunteers.—A general order has been issued directing that at the end of this month, and every two months thereafter all volunteers shall be mustered for pay. One copy of the pay roll is to be sent to the Adjutant-General's Office, two to the paymasters of the district or post where the regiment is stationed, and the remainder at head-quarters.

A French Four-Pounder.—The French four-pounder is so light and easy to handle that it superseded cavalry at the battle of Magenta, in which the Austrians were, as everybody knows, pursued in their flight by the artillery. Since the campaign of Italy, the French army has been provided with a four-pounder still lighter, throwing the same projectile an equal distance, and transportable on horseback. This cannon weighs only 233 pounds, and may follow the infantry in all places and positions it may be called to occupy.

The blockading schooner Dart, recently threw a few shells into Galveston, Texas. Not much harm was done, or probably meant to be done.

Pierce Butler, of this city—ex-husband of Fanny Kemble—was recently arrested in Philadelphia, and sent to Fort Lafayette, New York. He used to be very wealthy, but lost his fortune some years ago in stock speculations. He has been a Breckinridge Democrat, and was formerly a slave-holder. It is reported that he has been engaged in treason.

Seizure of Secession Newspapers.—By direction of the President of the United States, District Attorney Coffee, on the 22d, gave directions to the Marshal to seize all copies of the New York Daily News, New York Day Book, New York Journal of Commerce, and the Philadelphia Christian Observer. The seizure was authorized under a late act of Congress, authorizing the President to stop all transportations of aid or "comfort" to those in rebellion. The Christian Observer was first visited, and the types seized. A force of officers attended at Walnut street wharf, and upon the arrival of the mail from New York, examined the bundles of newspapers, and all copies of the newspapers above-mentioned were taken by the Marshal and removed to his office. All bundles intended for the South were included in the seizure, and certain parties in Baltimore, Kentucky, and Alexandria, Va., will be disappointed in not receiving their daily supply of "comfort." The seizure will be made every day, and if the papers continue to come, the parties to whom they are consigned will be arrested and indicted.—*Philada. Ledger.*

A National Army.—A new era has dawned. The recent order of the War Department, ordering to Washington all the regiments now organized in the Northern States, and all parts of regiments, even if unarmed and without uniforms, is but one step in the new order of things that has been inaugurated here since the adjournment of Congress. The step will result in the formation of a National army. The men, as they arrive here, will be formed into companies and regiments irrespective of the States from which they come. They will be armed and uniformed alike; the uniform being the army regulation dress of blue cloth. A new nomenclature will be adopted, discarding the names of States, and referring only to the position which the respective regiments will occupy in the army of the United States.

THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF MRS. BROWNING.

FROM THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY FOR SEPT'R.

Mrs. Browning's illness was only of a week's duration. Having caught a severe cold of a more threatening nature than usual, medical skill was summoned; but, although anxiety in her behalf was necessarily felt, there was no whisper of great danger until the third or fourth night, when those who most loved her said they had never seen her so ill; on the following morning, however, she was better, and from that moment was thought to be improving in health. She herself believed this; and all had such confidence in her wondrous vitality, and the hope was so strong that God would spare her for still greater good, that a dark vail was drawn over what might be. It is often the case, where we are accustomed to associate constant suffering with dear friends, that we calmly look danger in the face without misgivings. So little did Mrs. Browning realize her critical condition, that, until the last day, she did not consider herself sufficiently indisposed to remain in bed, and then the precaution was accidental. So much encouraged did she feel with regard to herself, that, on this fatal evening, an intimate female friend was admitted to her bedside, and found her in good spirits, ready at pleasantry and willing to converse on all the old-loved subjects. Her ruling passion had prompted her to glance at the "Athenæum" and "Nazione;" and when this friend repeated the opinions she had heard expressed by an acquaintance of the new Italian Premier, Ricasoli, to the effect that his policy and Cavour's were identical, Mrs. Browning "smiled like Italy," and thankfully replied—"I am glad of it; I thought so." Even then her thoughts were not of self. This near friend went away with no suspicion of what was soon to be a terrible reality. Mrs. Browning's own bright boy bade his mother good-night, cheered by her oft-repeated, "I am better, dear, much better." Inquiring friends were made happy by these assurances.

One only watched her breathing through the night—he who for fifteen years had ministered to her with all the tenderness of a woman. It was a night devoid of suffering to her. As morning approached, and for two hours previous to the dread moment, she seemed to be in a partial ecstacy; and though not apparently conscious of the coming on of death, she gave her husband all those holy words of love, all the consolation of an oft-repeated blessing, whose value death has made priceless. Such moments are too sacred for the common pen, which pauses as the woman-poet raises herself up to die in the arms of her poet-husband. He knew not that death had robbed him of his treasure, until the drooping form grew chill and froze his heart's blood.

At half-past four, on the morning of the 29th of June, Elizabeth Barrett Browning died of congestion of the lungs. Her last words were, "It is beautiful!" God was merciful to the end, sparing her and hers the agony of a frenzied parting, giving proof to those who were left of the glory and happiness in store for her, by those few words, "It is beautiful!" The spirit could see its future mission even before shaking off the dust of the earth.

Gazing on her peaceful face with its eyes closed on us forever, our cry was her "Cry of the Human."

"We tremble by the harmless bed
Of one loved and departed;
Our tears drop on the lips that said
Last night, 'Be stronger-hearted!'
Oh, God! to clasp those fingers close,
And yet to feel so lonely!
To see a light upon such brows,
Which is the daylight only!
Be pitiful, oh, God!"

On the evening of July 1st, the lovely English burying-ground without the walls of Florence opened its gates to receive one more occupant. A band of English, Americans and Italians, sorrowing men and women, whose faces as well as dress were in mourning, gathered around the bier containing all that was mortal of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Who of those present will forget the solemn scene, made double impressive by the grief of the husband and son. "The sting of death is sin," said the clergyman. Sinless in life, her death, then, was without sting; and turning our thoughts inwardly, we murmured her prayers for the dead, and wished that they might have been her burial-service. We heard her poet-voice saying:

"And friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one most loving of you all
Say, 'Not a tear must o'er her fall—
He giveth His beloved sleep.'"

But the tears would fall, as they bore her up the hill, and lowered "His beloved" into her resting-place, the grave. The sun itself was sinking to rest behind the western hills, and sent a farewell smile of love into the east, that it might glance on the lowering bier. The distant mountains hid their faces in a misty vail, and the tall cypress trees of the cemetery swayed and sighed as Nature's special mourners for her favored child: and there they are to stand keeping watch over her.

"Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west,
Toll slowly!
And I said in under-breath, All our life is mixed with death,
And who knoweth which is best?

* * * * * * *

Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west,
Toll slowly!
And I 'paused' to think God's greatness flowed around our incompleteness—
Round our restlessness, His rest."

Dust to dust—and the earth fell with a dull echo on the coffin. We gathered round to take one look, and saw a double grave, too large for her; may it wait long and patiently for him!

And now a mound of earth marks the spot where sleeps Elizabeth Barrett Browning. A white wreath to mark her woman's purity lies on her head; the laurel wreath of the poet lies at her feet; and friendly hands scatter white flowers over the grave of a week as symbols of the dead.

We feel as she wrote:

"God keeps a niche
In heaven to hold our idols; and, albeit,
He brake them to our faces, and denied
That our close kisses should impair their white,
I know we shall behold them raised, complete,
The dust swept from their beauty, glorified,
New Memnons singing in the great God-light."

Case of Mercantile Patriotism.—A leading dry goods house in Philadelphia recently received a letter from a customer in Tennessee, inclosing a check for $600, and an order for goods to that amount. The firm responded that as Tennessee had seceded, and was arrayed against the Union, they could not send the goods. On receipt of this letter the Tennessee house wrote again, directing the goods to be sent to a certain direction at Louisville, Kentucky, by which means, of course, they would have received them. Upon this the Philadelphia firm sent back the check, and declined filling the order at all.—*North American.*

☞ Model wives formerly took a "stitch in time," now, with the aid of the sewing machine, they take one in no time.

☞ (Scene, a Barber's shop.)—Young swell (loq.): "I say, Thompson, do you think I shall ever have whiskers?" Thompson, (after careful examination): "Well, sir, I really don't think you ever will—leastways not to speak of!" Young swell: "That's rather hard, for my pap—I mean Governor—has plenty!" Thompson (facetiously): "Yes, sir, but p'r'aps you take after your ma!" Total collapse of Y. S.

☞ Forewarned — Forearmed. — The Charleston Mercury says: "When Washington falls and Maryland is redeemed, let Philadelphia prepare, for this is a game of two countries."

In answer to this threat, we beg leave to say, Philadelphia is prepared. Has she not Patterson there, and eke Pleasanton?—*Vanity Fair.*

☞ During the call of the Buffalo Committee on the Hon. Joseph Holt, at Niagara Falls, one of the number asked the Judge what he thought of Senator Breckinridge. Mr. Holt replied that he could not answer the question better than by relating an anecdote, which he did, as follows: "What do you think of Senator Breckinridge?" inquired a Kentuckian of Humphrey Marshall, the other day. "Why, sir," replied Marshall, "he is the deadest man alive, except myself."

☞ View of the war taken by the quartermaster—a ration-al view. View of the quartermasters, taken by the soldiers—a curse-ory view.

☞ Query.—Does the seizure of the United States mints by the rebels, facilitate the production of their mint juleps? A-n-ice question.

☞ Punch very sensibly says, if young ladies were less studious of dressing for dinner, and would rather devote themselves to dressing the dinner itself, they would afford much more satisfaction than they do to their parents and friends.

☞ Dr. Durbin, the great Methodist orator, once attempted to preach a sermon from the text, "Remember Lot's wife," but made a failure. Afterwards remarking to Dr. Bond that he did not know the reason of his failure, the venerable Doctor replied that he "had better thereafter let other people's wives alone!"

☞ Children make men better citizens. When your own child has learned in the streets to swear, it makes you feel that you have some interest in the public morality.

☞ "Mr. Snow, I wants to ax you one question" "Propel it, den." "Why am a grogshop like a counterfeit dollar?" "Well, Ginger, I gibs dat right up." "Dose you gib it up? Kase you can't pass it—yah, yah, yah!"

☞ Emerson says that most people are the devotees of custom. Especially the shop-keepers, we suppose.

☞ "My dear lady, your daughter is lovely—a perfect little pearl." "And pray, sir, what am I?" "Oh, you are the mother of pearl."

☞ A Net for the Rebels.—The bayonet.

☞ There is a deacon in Franklin county, Mass., who has a razor that has seen some service. It has been used twenty years by his grandfather, thirty years by his father, and eighteen years by himself—sixty-eight years in all—and is now in excellent order.

☞ "Dan," said a little four year old, "give me sixpence to buy a monkey." "We've got one monkey in the house now," replied the elder brother. "Who is it Dan?" asked the little fellow. "You," was the reply. "Then give me sixpence to buy the monkey some nuts." His brother "shelled out" immediately.

☞ The recent fight has added a new simile descriptive of speed, to the already redundant vocabulary of jockeydom. It is now said of the fastest horse, "He runs like Bull's Run."

☞ "But if I place my money in the savings bank," inquired one of the newly arrived, "when can I draw it out again?" "Oh," responded his Hibernian friend, "sure, 'an if you put it in to-day, you can get it out again to-morrow, by giving a fortnight's notice."

☞ The end and aim of work is to enjoy leisure, but to enjoy leisure, you must have gone through work. Play-time must come after school-time, otherwise it loses its savor. Play, after all, is a relative thing; it is not a thing which has an absolute existence. There is no such thing as play, except to the worker. Put white upon white, and you can hardly see it; put white upon black, and how bright it is! Light your lamp in the sunshine, and it is nothing; you must have darkness around to make its presence felt.

☞ The famous *Veni, Vidi, Vici*, of Cæsar, has more than once been quoted as a model of brevity and pith. And yet it is rivalled, if not excelled, by a dispatch forwarded just after the last great battle of the season, to a worthy corner-grocer of this city, by his son, serving in the Federal army. It reads as follows:

"Bull Run—They run—We Run.—*Vanity Fair.*

☞ A military organization, it is said, recently existed in New York, which consisted of 400 men, divided into 399 officers and *one* private. Each of the officers took turns drilling the private, until they killed him, and then the much-vaunted regiment burst up.

☞ A writer in the Cornhill Magazine hits the question of the *right* of the Southern States to secede from the Union thus:—"It is as if a wife, after henpecking her husband for twenty years, claims a right to divorce him."

A Comparison.—The London Times calls the fight at Bull Run a "sham battle," and makes merry over the losses on the National side, which it pretends to consider ridiculously small. It may not be regarded as impertinent for us to compare this "sham battle" with the English attack on Sebastopol, in September 1855. We find that the English stormed the Redan, and were beaten off in such disorder that they could not rally. Their total number of killed was 386. The loss in killed on the part of our army at Manassas was 480. The former is called by the London Times an "awful conflict," the latter a "sham battle," in which "the only struggle was to get away."

A TALE OF HORROR.

We take the following from an exchange. Of course it is all probably a mere sensation story—except so far as some of the Parisians may really believe it:—

Horrible whispers begin to hiss through Paris to the effect that Louis Napoleon has possessed himself of the secrets so fatally used by Catharine de Medici and the Countess de Brinvilliers; and along with the secrets, a passion or mania for testing the power thus conferred, on whomsoever shall be so unfortunate as either to provoke his dislike or awaken his suspicions. Marshal St. Arnaud, the "Warwick," who helped him to the throne, and whose demands became troublesome, died suddenly. The Princess Bonaparte, a possible heiress to the throne, was cut off recently in her twentieth summer. Vaudry, his best and oldest friend, died in the prime of life. Young Bacciochi, his once favorite kinsman, is said to have committed suicide by poison. Count D'Orsay and Lady Blessington, tried friends of Louis Napoleon during his days of poverty, died suddenly. Teleki, another friend, committed suicide. De Rayneval, his ambassador to Rome, dropped dead one day without known cause. Mme. de Bourqueney, suspected of having been his mistress, and wife of his ambassador to Vienna, died unexpectedly. Bineau and Ducos and Fourtoul, his ministers, all died suddenly. Berger, his Prefect of Police, fell dead in the street. Carlier, his Prefect of Police, and one who must have known many of his darkest secrets, also died unexpectedly. His sister-in-law, the Duchess d'Alba, suspected of seeking to make her sister, the Empress Eugenie, discontented, fell into a rapid decline and died long before her prime. Young Ney, who did so much for him at the coup d'etat, and who was becoming clamorous for recompense, died suddenly of a disease reported to be "cholera," in the Crimea. Denjoy, another of his confidential friends, died young and after a day's illness. This long and suspicious list is wound up by the late sudden death of Count Cavour, his active second in the recent Italian intrigues, and the only man in Italy of whose talents and courage Louis Napoleon stood in fear. "How long has the Empress Eugenie to live?" is now becoming the great Parisian question.

Engagements at Commerce and Charleston, Missouri.—St. Louis, Aug. 20.—The town of Commerce, Missouri, forty miles above Cairo, which was taken on Sunday, and a battery planted by the secessionists, was retaken last night by 500 troops sent down from Cape Girardeau, by order of Gen. Fremont.

The rebels made no stand, but retreated with their battery on the approach of our troops. Their force was about 150 infantry and the same number of cavalry.

Cairo, Aug. 20.—An engagement took place last night, at 12 o'clock, at Charleston, between the Federal forces, about 250 strong, and a rebel force of about 600 or 700 men.

The Federal troops consisted of several Illinois companies, under command of Col. Dougherty, accompanied by Lieut. Colonel Rawson, of the 11th Illinois regiment.

The rebels were commanded by Col. Hunter, of Jeff. Thompson's army.

The Federal force was victorious, completely routing the rebels, killing forty and taking seventeen prisoners. The loss on our side was one killed.

The Rebel Army.—R. W. Burnwall, in a letter from Charlottesville, Va., dated Aug. 12th, says:—"The supplies of clothing for the army are not sufficient; the destitution of our army in clothing and food is terrible. Many applications are made to us by well men who wish to escape sickness, for extra pairs of drawers, or socks, or undershirts. It will require every nerve to be strained by you at home and ourselves here to meet the expenses of fall and winter, should the war last so long."

The Charleston Courier has a letter dated Richmond, Aug. 14, saying: "There is a great deal of sickness in our army. It is said that at Charlottesville and Culpepper there are over three thousand ill. A great many have been brought sick to this city, and at Norfolk and Yorktown there is more disease than with us. *The measles have swept and are sweeping through every division of the army.*"

Recruiting in the West.—Recruiting in northern Ohio is going on in every quarter, and the enlistments in the various corps show a full determination on the part of the masses to sustain the government and crush out rebellion. The men enlisting are of the right stamp, and will make true and all the time reliable soldiers of the Union. Recruiting is also more active all over the west than at any previous period, and the ranks are being filled up with stalwart young men from towns and country, full of muscle and courage. Illinois alone has undertaken to furnish forty new regiments, besides replacing the six regiments and detached companies of three months' men. The Chicago Tribune asserts that the first of October will witness sixty thousand sons of the Prairie State gone forth to chastise the rebels. The States west of the Ohio river will by that time place in the field a quarter of a million of brave and hardy soldiers.—*Cleveland Herald.*

The Reward of Treason.—The following newspapers have been suppressed by the military authorities, or destroyed by mobs, within the last few weeks:

State Journal, St. Louis, Mo.
Booneville Observer, Booneville, Mo.
Clinton Journal (mobbed), Kansas.
Democratic Standard (mobbed), Concord, N. H.
Bangor Democrat (mobbed), Bangor, Me.
Missouri Bulletin, St. Louis, Mo.
Missourian, St Louis, Mo.
Herald, St. Louis, Mo.
Jeffersonian (mobbed), Westchester, Pa.
Sentinel (mobbed), Easton, Pa.
Essex County Democrat,* Haverhill, Mass.

* Editor taken from his house, tarred and feathered and ridden on a rail. Repented, and promised amendment. Office not destroyed.

Convinced Them.—An intercepted letter from J. S. M. Carter, of Charleston, S. C., to "C C. Clifford, M. P. House of Commons, London," says: "I am profoundly impressed with the great strength of men, money, and the materials for waging war which the North possess. I have been pained to see the disposition of my neighbors to underrate the courage and patriotism of the North, and have feared it might have led us into a fatal security. The experience of the last battle has taught us a useful lesson. It has convinced our people that the Yankees will fight, and most desperately, and will lead to greater caution in the future."

Sewall's Point Untenable by the Rebels.—Fortress Monroe, Aug. 23.—Generals Wool and Butler have spent part of the day at the Rip Raps, experimenting with Sawyer's gun.

The second shell fired burst in the Confederate camp at Sewall's Point, broke down the flag staff, and scattered the rebels like chaff.

A propeller, which was about landing troops at the point, put back towards Norfolk. The whole affair was witnessed from the Newport News steamers.

NEWS ITEMS.

How does it happen that Gen. Beauregard has sent his wife, his sister, and two of his nieces to spend the summer among us northern barbarians? Is it because they are safer and more comfortable here?—*N. Y. Tribune.*

To the Camp at Chalons the Emperor has added a series of military gardens, cultivated by the soldiers. Vegetables are raised in enormous quantities, and there is quite a rivalry among the regiments to see which can produce the greatest quantities of the best kinds.

THE will of the late Nathaniel Appleton, of Boston, bequeaths to the widow, besides two family mansions and appurtenances, twelve thousand dollars per annum, payable quarterly. To the three youngest children of the testator, the will gives $100,000 each, to make them equal with three other heirs who have each received the like sum. There are no public bequests.

GEN. BEAUREGARD has determined that the battle of the 18th of July, shall be known as the Battle of Bull Run, and that of the 21st as the battle of Manassas Plains.—*Richmond Despatch.*

OFFERS OF AID FROM THE FISHING FLEET.—E. W. Hinman, Esq., of New York, "in behalf of Captain George Waler, and others," has applied to President Lincoln for the issue of an order authorizing the fishing fleet to retaliate upon the southern pirates. The fleet consists of from two thousand to two thousand five hundred smacks, ranging from nine to one hundred and twenty tons burden.

THE REBEL LOSS AT MANASSAS.—A recent letter from Savannah, Georgia, contained the following significant paragraph:—"Our city is in mourning, 517 of our beautiful Oglethorpe troops were killed at the battle of Manassas, all young men, and members of our best families."

THE privateer Sumter has not been captured as was reported.

THE Maine Democratic State Convention met at Augusta on Wednesday, and split on the question of sustaining the Government in the suppression of the rebellion. The Union-loving portion of the party nominated Col. Charles O. Jameson, of Bangor, as its candidate for Governor, while the other portion put in nomination Ex-Governor John W. Dana.

HOW THEY SUFFERED.—A vivandiere who was attached to the "Tiger Rifles," of New Orleans, has returned to that city, and states that twenty-six of them are yet alive, the survivors of eighty-three who went into the fight at Manassas. The company is annihilated. They were one of the five companies of Wheat's battalion, which lost half of its men.

VALUE OF SLAVES.—The following prices, according to the Charleston Mercury, of the 2nd inst., were realized at a late sale in that vicinity:—"Tenah, an elderly woman, a child's nurse, sold for $240, cash; Binkey, aged woman, for $365, cash; Celia, a woman about 27 years old, lame, for $605, cash; Grace, about 30 years old, with her child 7 years old, for $1,170, half cash, balance in one year; Eliza, 28 years old, with five children, oldest 8 years, youngest 10 months, at $2,400, half cash, balance in one year."

GENERAL SHIELDS.—The President has re-appointed James Shields, of California, a Brigadier-General of Volunteers. General Shields distinguished himself by his gallantry in Mexico, and was severely wounded while leading a charge at Cerro Gordo.

SIEGEL.—We understand, says the St. Louis Republican, that "Old Dave Atchison," the "whiskey barrel," as Brownlow calls him, who participated in the engagement at Carthage, and witnessed Siegel's manœuvres, says he is the best commander in America, without any exception, which is saying a good deal, coming from the source it does.

GEN. McCULLOCH was married three or four years since, and a characteristic story is told of him when his first child, a boy, was born, that he insisted, to the great horror of his young wife, in having the youngster christened "Buffalo Hump," in honor of a particular friend, an old Indian chief of that unique name. The general is a thin, spare man, of great muscle and activity, and is now about 47 years of age.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN declares he will not (willingly, we suppose,) leave Washington during his term of office, unless the war be first closed.

AN IMPORTANT POSTSCRIPT.—The Cleveland Leader states that one of the members of the Cleveland Artillery, from the army in Western Virginia, among the letters found in the rebel camp, saw one written to the Richmond Enquirer stating that "the Confederate loss had been two, while one hundred Yankees have bit the dust, and it was not probable that they could stand it much longer." At the bottom of the letter, however, was a *private note* to the editor, in which he "*rather thought the Yankees had got the best of them so far.*"

BATTLE OF SPRINGFELD.—The official return of the United States loss in the battle near Springfield is 223 killed, 724 wounded, and 291 missing, supposed to be captured. Total 1,235 out of 5,300, leaving but 4,065 effective troops.

Two soldiers of the First Kansas regiment, released by Gen. Price, report that McCulloch, with 8,000 men, did start to pursue Siegel, but after a day's march gave it up on learning that Siegel had been reinforced. McCulloch then marched towards Jefferson City. Quite a number of the wounded on both sides have died since the battle.

UNDER the new orders of the War Department, the army will soon be completely uniformed in blue, and the rebel gray be discarded.

AT New York, Judge Garrison has dismissed the habeas corpus in the case of the Baltimore Police Board.

A CURIOSITY.—A gentleman from Lansingburg, who was at Old Point Comfort at the time of the burning of Hampton, and visited that village shortly after, has forwarded to his family the key of the old church, concerning which so much has been written. It is about a foot long, and presents a very solid and substantial appearance. It was picked up amid the ruins, and is uninjured, though it was evidently submitted to the action of the fire for some time.

SPOTS ON THE SUN.—There are at the present time thirteen or fourteen distinct spots and groups of spots on the sun. Three or four of them are pretty large. They may all be readily seen with a telescope of moderate power. The largest are advanced nearly half-way across the disc.—*Providence Journal.*

WE learn from the best authority that a new Irish brigade, 5,000 strong at least, is to be immediately organized in this city, the command of which will be tendered to Gen. James Shields. The 1st regiment of the brigade is now forming.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

AT Allentown, Pa., the Sheriff has found it necessary to call out a posse of 200 men to protect two secession papers from the assaults of the indignant people.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 1470 head. Prices varying from 7 to 8½c ℔ lb. 50 Cows were sold at from $20 to 45 ℔ head. 8000 head of Sheep were disposed of at from $5,12 to 6,25 ℔ cwt, net.—600 Hogs brought from $5,50 to 6,35 ℔ cwt, net.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
H. DEXTER & CO., 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St. N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HENRY MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth Street, Pittsburg.
JOHN P. HUNT, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
GEORGE N. LEWIS, 28 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Illinois.
GREEN & CO., Nashville, Tenn.
GRAY & CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Mo.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The receipts and stocks of flour are light for the season; sales for shipment reach some 4000 bbls, mostly at $4,75 for Western extra, and $5@$5,25 for extra family do, not fresh ground, including about 600 bbls City Mills do, made from new wheat, on terms kept private; the sales to the trade have been to a limited extent, within the range of $4,25@4,75 for old stock and fresh ground superfine; $4,87½@5 for new wheat do; $4,75@5,75 for extra and extra family, according to brand and freshness, and $6@6,50 ℔ bbl for fancy lots, as to quality. Rye Flour is unsettled and lower, with sales of 400 bbls at $2,75@3 ℔ bbl, mostly at the former rate. Corn Meal—The inquiry is limited, and Pennsylvania meal is scarce at $2, 75 ℔ bbl.

GRAIN—Sales of Wheat reach some 40,000 bus in lots, principally for shipment at 118@125c for common to good and prime Western, Pennsylvania and Southern reds in store and afloat, closing at 121@122c for the latter, including white at 130@138c, chiefly at 135c for prime Kentucky. Rye is better, and most of the lots offered, some 7000 bus, sold at 58@59c for old and 52@54c for new. Corn is also better, and 20,000 bus yellow sold at 53@55c for Pennsylvania and Delaware in store and afloat, and 51@52c for Western in store. Oats have been arriving and selling freely at irregular prices, which close unsettled and lower. About 40,000 bus were disposed of at from 26 to 30c for new Southern, and 31@32c for old, as in quality; the bulk of the sales were at 27@28c for the former, afloat. Barley—Some small lots of new have been offered, but prices are not yet established and the demand is limited. Feed is plenty, and dull, and quotations are nearly nominal.

PROVISIONS—The market for all kinds is dull and unsettled, with a small business doing in bbld Meats at $15½@16 for Mess Pork, and $12@16 for Western and city Mess Beef. Bacon Hams are selling in lots as wanted at 9@10c, the latter for fancy cured. No sales of Sides or Shoulders are reported worthy of notice. Green Meats are also quiet, and prices without any quotable change. Lard is inactive at 9@9½c for tcs and bbls, and 9½@9¾c for kegs, cash and time, and the receipts and demand light. Butter is unchanged, and selling as wanted at 8@11c, as to quality, the latter for fresh lots. Cheese is jobbing out at 7@8c ℔ lb. Eggs are active, and selling more freely at 9½@10c ℔ dozen.

COTTON—The demand is light, the reduced state of the stock limiting operations to a few small lots, at from 16 to 20c cash and short time, the latter for good middlings.

ASHES are selling in a small way, within the range of quotations.

BARK—The demand for Quercitron is limited, with further sales of about 100 hhds at $27@28 for 1st No. 1. Of Tanners' Bark the sales were limited, and prices nearly nominal.

BEESWAX is scarce, and good yellow is quoted at 30c per lb.

COAL—There is a fair demand for Anthracite, to go east, and prices are firm.

COFFEE—The receipts and stocks continue very light and the market very firm, the want of good and prime quality limiting operations to some 800 bags in small lots at 14½@15½c for Rio, and 16c for Laguayra, on time.

COPPER is dull. Of yellow metal further sales and reported at 18c, 6 months.

FRUIT—Sales are making at from $1 to $3 for Peaches per basket, and $2@4 per bbl for Apples, and the receipts light for the season. Dried Fruit is selling at 2½@3c for Apples and 4@7c per lb for Peaches.

HAY is firm, and selling at 60c for new and 70c for old the 100 lbs.

HEMP—There is little or no stock in first hands, and no sales reported.

HOPS are dull, and selling in a small way at 20@25c for Eastern and Western.

IRON—There is rather more inquiry for Pig Metal, but prices are unsettled and low, sales include 500 tons hard Anthracite at $16, cash; 1000 tons No 2 at 16½, about equal to cash.

LEAD—There is little or none offering or selling, and the market is inactive.

LUMBER—The market is very dull, and prices of most kinds are nearly nominal. About 500,000 Eastern Laths sold at $1,25, Lehigh Hemlock Boards sell at $10, Susquehanna White Pine at $11@15, Lehigh do $11@12, and rafted Hemlock at $6 ℔ M.

MOLASSES—The market is firm but inactive, with a reduced stock of prime on sale, and a small business to note at 20@21c for Clayed, and 24@25c for Muscovado, on time.

PLASTER is quiet, and soft is quoted at $2,25 ℔ ton, and but little offering or selling.

RICE—The stock is very much reduced, and generally held above the views of buyers, with further small sales to note at 6¼@6¾c ℔ lb; prime is now held higher.

SEEDS—There is more Timothy offering, and the dealers are buying at $2@2,12½ ℔ bus. Of Clover we hear of no large sales, and quote it nominally at $4,50@4,75 ℔ bus, and scarce. Flaxseed—The new crop is beginning to arrive, and sells in a small way at $1,35@1,40 ℔ bus. Calcutta Linseed has further advanced at the East.

SPIRITS—There is very little movement in Brandy and Gin, and holders are firm in their demands, with light stocks, especially of the former, to operate in. N E Rum sells slowly at 27@28c. Whiskey is arriving and selling in a small way at 18@18½c for bbls and 17½c for Drudge. Hhds are scarce.

SUGARS continue active and on the advance, with further sales of 1800 hhds, mostly Cuba, to note at 6¾@7¾c, and some Porto Rico at 7½@8½c; about 500 boxes also sold at 6½@8c for brown and white, and 1500 bags brown Brazil at 5¼@5¾, all on the usual terms.

TALLOW is steady but quiet at 8¼c, for city and 7¾c for country rendered.

TOBACCO—There is rather more doing in manufactured, and prices tend upward. Leaf is scarce and held for higher prices with limited sales.

WOOL continues in good demand, with further sales of the low and medium qualities at 33@35c net, chiefly at the latter rate. The new clip comes in slowly, and fine fleece is neglected and dull.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS.
No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, August 24, 1861.

Alabama	— dis.	Missouri	20 dis.
Canada	2 dis.	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	½ dis.	New Brunswick	1½ dis.
Delaware	1 dis.	New Hampshire	¼ dis.
Dist. of Columbia	3 dis.	New Jersey	par to ¼ dis.
Florida	— dis.	New York City	1-10 dis.
Georgia	20 dis.	New York State	¼ dis.
Illinois	50 to 75 dis.	North Carolina	15 to 18 dis.
Indiana	1½ dis.	Nova Scotia	1½ dis.
Iowa	5 dis.	Ohio	1½ dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania	par to ½ dis.
Kentucky	2½ dis.	Rhode Island	¼ dis.
Louisiana	20 dis.	South Carolina	20 dis.
Maine	¼ dis.	Tennessee	25 dis.
Maryland	½ to 3 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	¼ dis.	Vermont	¼ dis.
Michigan	3 dis.	Virginia	15 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	35 to 75 dis.
Mississippi	—		

WHAT CAN AIL THE CHILD?—Is its sleep disturbed? Do you observe a morbid restlessness—a variable appetite, a foetid breath, grinding of the teeth, and itching of the nose? Then be sure your child is troubled with Worms. If their presence is even suspected, procure at once

Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge.

It effectually destroys Worms, is perfectly safe, and so pleasant that children will not refuse to take it. It acts also as a general Tonic, and no better remedy can be taken for all derangements of the Stomach and Digestive Organs.

Prepared only by DR. D. JAYNE & SON, 242 Chestnut Street, and for sale by Agents throughout the country. ap13-tf

---

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 15th instant, at St. Michael's Church, Germantown, by the Rev. J. Pinkney Hammond, the Rev. HENRY S. SPACKMAN, to ANNA C. DAVIES, daughter of the late Chas. Elliot.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. A. W. Milby, WILLIAM K. LIPPINCOTT, to Miss MARTHA A. BLACKMAN, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. N. Cantwell, Mr. JOHN LYMAN, to Miss ISABELLA IRWIN, both of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. J. E. Kessler, Mr. WILLIAM D. GRAMSEY, to Miss JANE BURTON, both of this city.

On the 16th instant, by the Rev. Wm. Barnes, WILLIAM W. WEAR, to MARY ANN PHILIPS, both of this city.

On the 18th of March, 1861, by the Rev. D. W. Bartine, Mr. HENRY F. SMITH, to Miss KATE H. MURPHY, both of this city.

On the evening of the 15th instant, by the Rev. Francis Church, at the bride's residence, Mr. WILLIAM RITCHIE, to Miss SARAH GILLESPIE, both of this city.

On Thursday evening, Aug. 15th, by the Rev. J. H. Shrigley, ANDREW MILLER, Esq. to Mrs. ABIGAIL F. PARMALEE, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On fifth-day morning, Aug. 1st, WILLIE R. infant son of Edward and Rachel R. Tatnall, aged 3 months and 1 week.

Aug. 23, 1861, at her residence in Chester county, Mrs. CHRISTINE BIDDLE, wife of the late Thos. Biddle, in her 81st year.

On the morning of the 19th instant, Miss CHRISTIANN, daughter of Geo. W. and Christiann Tryon.

Suddenly, on Wednesday morning, 21st instant, WILLIAM F. KITCHEN, son of the late Andrew B. Kitchen, in his 26th year.

Of disease of the heart, on Wednesday morning, Aug. 21st, at Catawissa, JOSEPH PAXTON, in his 76th year.

On the 18th instant, SUSAN G. wife of Amor S. Redstreake, aged 32 years.

On Sunday, the 18th instant, Mrs. FRANCES HOWE, widow of the late J. Howe, in her 78th year.

On the 19th instant, ELIZABETH ANN, wife of Jos. Beckman, and daughter of the late Wm F. and Elizabeth A. Hessel, in her 23d year.

On the 17th instant, ELIZABETH S. wife of Hornelius Smith, in her 71st year.

On the 18th instant, at her residence, in Mount Holly, N. J., ANN SMITH, in her 90th year.

On the 16th instant, JOHN JACOBS, in his 64th year.

At Frankford, on the 16th instant, Mrs. JANE KNORR, widow of the late Peter Knorr.

A LAMP CHIMNEY THAT WILL NOT BREAK.—The Patent Mica Lamp Chimneys for Coal Oil Lamps will not break by falling or cleaning, the heat or cold. They are more transparent than glass, and do not require near the amount of cleaning. They are more economical in the consumption of oil. They are an ornament to a lamp, and when one is purchased, with care it will last as long at the lamp. They are made of the finest quality of Mica, and fit all the ordinary Coal Oil burners in use. Give them a trial and satisfaction is certain.

AMOS HORNING,
Agent for Manufacturer,
No. 321 N. Second St., Philada.

N. B.—A well selected stock of Coal Oil Lamps at prices defying competition. Also Portland Kerosene and other Coal Oils by the barrel or less quantity. aug31-4t

---

THE PHILA. HEALTH JOURNAL.—If you wish Health, subscribe for this practical Family Quarterly Periodical. Only 25 cents a year, in advance. Enclose amount in stamps and address Dr. S. M. LANDIS, 218 N. 9th St.

BOOK AGENTS

WANTED, to sell RAPID SELLING, Valuable Family Works AT LOW PRICES, WITH INTERESTING CONTENTS, and Superbly Colored Plates. For circulars, with full particulars, apply, if you live East, to HENRY HOWE, 102 Nassau street, New York; if you live West, the same, 111 Main Street, Cincinnati. mh15-tf

---

Palmer's
PATENT LEG & ARM.
1609 CHESTNUT St.
PHILADELPHIA.

B. FRANK PALMER,

SURGEON-ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," LEG, &c., has removed to

THE STONE EDIFICE,

No. 1609 Chestnut St., Philad'a.—1609.

THREE SQUARES WEST OF THE OLD STAND.

This Establishment, erected at great expense for the business, combines every possible comfort and facility for Surgico-Artistic operations.

The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Profession at this House, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS," (under the New Patents,) in *unexampled perfection. Thousands of these Limbs* are worn, (though few are suspected) and a galaxy of *gold and silver medals* (50 "First Prizes" won, over all competition, in the principal cities of the world,) attests the public value of these Inventions. *All genuine "Palmer Limbs" have the name of the inventor affixed.*

Pamphlets which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

All former partnerships have expired by limitation. Address

B. FRANK PALMER, Surgeon-Artist,
oc16-1y 1609 Chesnut St., Philada.

TWO WORKS, VALUABLE TO THE SICK OR WELL, sent by mail. No pay expected until received, read, and approved.

1st. Dr. S. S. FITCH'S SIX LECTURES on the Causes, Prevention and Cure of Lung, Bronchial and Skin Diseases, and Male and Female Complaints. On the Mode of Preserving Health to a Hundred Years. 360 pages, 21 engravings. Price 50 cents.

2nd. Dr. S. S. FITCH'S new work on Heart Disease, Apoplexy, Palsy, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Dysentery, Cholera Infantum, Summer Diarrhoea of Children, Cholera and Cholera Morbus, Bilious Colic, Costiveness, Diptheria, Sore Throats, Scarlet Fever, Yellow Fever, and the Diseases of old people, with many valuable Medical Prescriptions for these diseases, 168 pages, 6 engravings. Price, 50 cents. Say which Book you will have, giving Name, State, County and Post Office.

Address Dr. S. S. FITCH, 714 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. aug24-4t

AGENTS WANTED—To sell packets of Stationary and Jewelry. Extra inducements are offered, amongst which are Silver Watches, Guard Chains, Bracelets, and other valuable articles. Address, with stamp enclosed, J. L. BAILEY, 154 Court St., Boston, Mass. aug24-3t

---

"THEY GO RIGHT TO THE SPOT."

INSTANT RELIEF! STOP YOUR COUGH!

PURIFY YOUR BREATH!

STRENGTHEN YOUR VOICE!

SPALDING'S

THROAT CONFECTIONS,

ARE

GOOD FOR CLERGYMEN,
GOOD FOR LECTURERS,
GOOD FOR PUBLIC SPEAKERS,
GOOD FOR SINGERS,
GOOD FOR CONSUMPTIVES,

GENTLEMEN CARRY

SPALDING'S THROAT CONFECTIONS.

LADIES ARE DELIGHTED WITH

SPALDING'S THROAT CONFECTIONS.

CHILDREN CRY FOR

SPALDING'S THROAT CONFECTIONS.

They relieve a Cough instantly.
They clear the Throat.
They give strength and volume to the Voice.
They impart a delicious aroma to the Breath.
They are delightful to the Taste.
They are made of simple herbs and cannot harm any one.

I advise every one who has a Cough or a Husky Voice or a Bad Breath, or any difficulty of the Throat, to get a package of my Throat Confections, they will relieve you instantly, and you will agree with me that "they go right to the spot." You will find them very useful and pleasant while travelling or attending public meetings for stilling your Cough or allaying your thirst. If you try one package I am safe in saying that you will ever afterwards consider them indispensable. You will find them at the Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.

PRICE, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

My signature is on each package. All others are counterfeit.

A Package will be sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of Thirty Cents.

Address,

HENRY C. SPALDING,
NO. 48 CEDAR STREET, NEW YORK.

CEPHALIC PILLS,

CURE

SICK HEADACHE;

CURE

NERVOUS HEADACHE;

CURE

ALL KINDS

OF

HEADACHE.

By the use of these Pills the periodic attacks of *Nervous or Sick Headache* may be prevented; and if taken at the commencement of an attack immediate relief from pain and sickness will be obtained.

They seldom fail in removing the *Nausea* and *Headache* to which females are so subject.

They act gently upon the bowels,—removing *Costiveness.*

For *Literary Men, Students,* Delicate Females, and all persons of *sedentary habits,* they are valuable as a *Laxative,* improving the *appetite,* giving *tone* and *vigor* to the digestive organs, and restoring the natural elasticity and strength of the whole system.

The CEPHALIC PILLS are the result of long investigation and carefully conducted experiments, having been in use many years, during which time they have prevented and relieved a vast amount of pain and suffering from Headache, whether originating in the *nervous* system or from a deranged state of the *stomach.*

They are entirely vegetable in their composition, and may be taken at all times with perfect safety, without making any change of diet, *and the absence of any disagreeable taste renders it easy to administer them to children.*

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!

The genuine have five signatures of Henry C. Spalding on each Box.

Sold by Druggists and all other dealers in Medicines.

A Box will be sent by mail pre-paid on receipt of the

PRICE, 25 CENTS.

All orders should be addressed to

HENRY C. SPALDING,
48 Cedar Street, New York.

☞ A single bottle of SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE will save ten times its cost annually. ☜

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!

SAVE THE PIECES!

ECONOMY! DISPATCH!

☞ "A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE." ☜

As accidents will happen, even in well regulated families, it is very desirable to have some cheap and convenient way for repairing Furniture, Toys, Crockery, &c.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE

meets all such emergencies, and no household can afford to be without it. It is always ready, and up to the sticking point.

"USEFUL IN EVERY HOUSE."

N. B.—A Brush accompanies each Bottle. Price, 25 cents.

Address, HENRY C. SPALDING,
No. 48 CEDAR Street, New York.

CAUTION.

As certain unprincipled persons are attempting to palm off on the unsuspecting public, imitations of my PREPARED GLUE, I would caution all persons to examine before purchasing, and see that the full name,

☞ SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE, ☜

is on the outside wrapper all others are swindling counterfeits. nov17-1y

---

Homes for the Industrious!

— IN THE —

GARDEN STATE OF THE WEST.

THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD CO., HAVE FOR SALE

1,200,000 ACRES OF RICH FARMING LANDS,

In Tracts of Forty Acres and upward, on Long Credit and at Low Prices.

MECHANICS, FARMERS & WORKING MEN.

THE attention of the enterprising and industrious portion of the community is directed to the following statements and liberal inducements offered them by the

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY,

which, as they will perceive, will enable them, by proper energy, perseverance and industry, to provide comfortable homes for themselves and families, with comparatively speaking, very little capital.

LANDS OF ILLINOIS.

No State in the Valley of the Mississippi offers so great an inducement to the settler as the State of Illinois. There is no portion of the world where all the conditions of climate and soil so admirably combine to produce those two great staples, CORN and WHEAT, as the Prairies of Illinois.

THE SOUTHERN PART

Of the State lies within the zone of the Cotton regions, while the soil is admirably adapted to the growth of Tobacco and Hemp, and the Wheat is worth from 15 to 20 cts. more per bushel than that raised further north.

RICH ROLLING PRAIRIE LANDS.

The deep rich loam of the prairies is cultivated with such wonderful facility that the farmers of the Eastern and Middle States are moving to Illinois in great numbers. The area of Illinois is about equal to that of England, and the soil is so rich that it will support twenty millions of people.

EASTERN AND SOUTHERN MARKETS.

These lands are contiguous to a railroad 700 miles in length, which connects with other roads and navigable lakes and rivers, thus affording an unbroken communication with the Eastern and Southern markets.

APPLICATION OF CAPITAL.

Thus far, capital and labor have been applied to developing the soil; the great resources of the State in coal and iron are almost untouched. The invariable rule that the mechanic arts flourish best where food and fuel are cheapest, will follow at an early day in Illinois, and in the course of the next ten years the natural laws and necessities of the case warrant the belief that at least five hundred thousand people will be engaged in the State of Illinois in various manufacturing employments.

RAILROAD SYSTEM OF ILLINOIS.

Over $100,000,000 of private capital have been expended on the railroad system of Illinois. Inasmuch as part of the income from several of these works, with a valuable public fund in lands, go to diminish the State expenses; THE TAXES ARE LIGHT, and must consequently every day decrease.

THE STATE DEBT.

The State debt is only $10,106,398 14, and within the last three years has been reduced $2,959,746 80, and we may reasonably expect that in ten years it will become extinct.

PRESENT POPULATION.

The State is rapidly filling up with population; 868,025 persons having been added since 1850, making the present population 1,723,663, a ratio of 102 per cent. in ten years.

AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS.

The Agricultural Products of Illinois are greater than those of any other State. The products sent out during the past year exceeded 1,500,000 tons. The wheat crop of 1860 approaches 35,000,000 bushels, while the corn crop yields not less than 140,000,000 bushels.

FERTILITY OF THE SOIL.

Nowhere can the industrious farmer secure such immediate results for his labor as upon these prairie soils, they being composed of a deep rich loam, the fertility of which, is unsurpassed by any on the globe.

TO ACTUAL CULTIVATORS.

Since 1854, the Company have sold 1,300,000 acres. They sell only to actual cultivators, and every contract contains an agreement to cultivate. The road has been constructed through these lands at an expense of $30,000,000. In 1850 the population of forty-nine counties, through which it passes, was only 335,598 since which 479,293 have been added; making the whole population 814,891, a gain of 143 per cent.

EVIDENCES OF PROSPERITY.

As an evidence of the thrift of the people, it may be stated that 600,000 tons of freight, including 8,600,000 bushels of grain, and 250,000 barrels of flour were forwarded over the line last year.

EDUCATION.

Mechanics and workingmen will find the free school system encouraged by the State and endowed with a large revenue for the support of schools. Their children can live in sight of the church and schoolhouse, and grow up with the prosperity of the leading State in the Great Western Empire.

PRICES AND TERMS OF PAYMENT.

The prices of these lands vary from $6 to $25 per acre, according to location, quality, &c. First class farming lands sell for about $10 to $12 per acre; and the relative expense of subduing prairie land as compared with wood land is in the ratio of 1 to 10 in favor of the former. The terms of sale for the bulk of these lands will be

ONE YEAR'S INTEREST IN ADVANCE,

at six per cent. per annum, and six interest notes at six per cent., payable respectively in one, two, three, four, five and six years from date of sale; and four notes for principal, payable in four, five, six and seven years from date of sale; the contract stipulating that one-tenth of the tract purchased shall be fenced and cultivated, each and every year for five years from date of sale, so that at the end of five years one-half shall be fenced and under cultivation.

TWENTY PER CENT. WILL BE DEDUCTED

from the valuation for cash, except the same should be at six dollars per acre, when the cash price will be five dollars.

Pamphlets descriptive of the lands, soil, climate, productions, prices, and terms of payment, can be had on application to

J. W. FOSTER, Land Commissioner,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

For the names of the Towns, Villages, and Cities situated upon the Illinois Cent. R. R., see pages 188, 189 & 190, APPLETON'S RAILWAY GUIDE.

WHAT HAS JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE DONE?

It has cured GOITRE or Swelled neck.
It has cured CANCER and SCHIRRHUS TUMORS.
It has cured complicated Diseases.
It has cured BLINDNESS and WEAK EYES.
It has cured Disease of the HEART.
It has cured DROPSY and WATERY SWELLINGS.
It has cured WHITE SWELLINGS.
It has cured DYSPEPSIA and LIVER COMPLAINT.
It has removed ENLARGEMENT of the ABDOMEN, and of the Ovaries, and Bones and Joints.
It has cured ERYSIPELAS and Skin Diseases.
It has cured BOILS and CARBUNCLES.
It has cured GOUT, RHEUMATISM and NEURALGIA.
It has cured FUNGUS HEMATODES.
It has cured MANIA and MELANCHOLY.
It has cured MILK or WHITE LEG.
It has cured MERCURIAL Diseases.
It has cured SCALD HEAD.
It has cured ERUPTIONS on the Skin.
It has cured SCROFULA, or King's Evil.
It has cured ULCERS of every kind.
It has cured Diseases of the KIDNEYS and BLADDER.
It has cured every kind of Disease of the Skin and of the Mucous Membrane.
It has cured CHOREA, or St. Vitus' Dance, and many other Nervous Affections.
It has cured LEPROSY, SALT RHEUM, and TETTER.
It has cured thousands of Female Complaints.

In short, in all cases, whether in male or female, where the mental and physical powers of the constitution have been prostrated by disease, dissipation or other excesses, the Alterative never fails to effect a speedy cure. It is prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE & SON, 242 Chestnut Street, and may be had of Agents throughout the country. ap13-tf

---

POISON NOT THE HEAD

WITH

NITRATE OF SILVER.

USE

CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE,

CERTIFIED TO BE

PURE—SAFE—UNEQUALLED,

BY

DR. CHILTON, OF NEW YORK,

AND

OTHER EMINENT CHEMISTS.

Produces any shade, from rich, mellow brown to glossy black in ten minutes, and contains no ingredient that is injurious to the hair.

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
No. 6 Astor House, New York.

Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers. aug17-eow2t

---

BROWN'S IMPROVED

DANDELION COFFEE.

It is strongly recommended by the faculty as a superior nutritious beverage for general Debility, Dyspepsia, Disease of the Liver, Billious Affections, and Irritable condition of the Stomach. The many thousands who have been reluctantly compelled to abandon the use of Coffee, owing to the injury done to their health, will find this superior to the best Java Coffee, to say nothing of its great and acknowledged medical benefits.

Wherever known it takes the place of all other coffee, and costs only one-half the price of the best Java.

A supply constantly for sale at FREDERICK BROWN'S Drug and Chemical Store, North-East corner of Fifth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia. jy 20-tf

---

R. DOLLARD,
613 Chestnut Street.
PHILADELPHIA.
PREMIER ARTISTE
IN
HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	2.—Over forehead as far as required.
3.—From ear to ear over the top.	3.—Over the crown of the head.
4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, half Wigs, Frizots, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention. nov6-eowly

---

COUGHS, COLDS, CONSUMPTION,

Asthma, Bronchitis, &c.

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT,

Has been for thirty years the Standard Remedy.

It will be admitted that no better evidence of the great curative powers of this EXPECTORANT can be offered than the grateful testimony of those who have been restored to health by its use, and the widespread popularity which, for so long a period, it has maintained in the face of all competition, and which has created a constantly increased demand for it in all parts of the world. As far as possible, this evidence is laid before the public from time to time, until the most skeptical must acknowledge that for all Pulmonary complaints, it is truly an invaluable remedy.

RECENT COUGHS AND COLDS, PLEURITIC PAINS, &c., are quickly and effectually cured by its diaphoretic, soothing and Expectorant power.

ASTHMA it always cures. It overcomes the spasmodic contraction of the air vessels, and by producing free expectoration, at once removes all difficulty of breathing.

BRONCHITIS readily yields to the Expectorant. It subdues the inflammation which extends through the wind tubes, produces free expectoration, and suppresses at once the Cough and Pain.

CONSUMPTION.—For this insidious and fatal disease, no remedy on earth has ever been found so effectual. It subdues the inflammation—relieves the Cough and Pain—removes the difficulty of breathing and produces an easy expectoration, whereby all irritating and obstructing matters are removed from the lungs.

WHOOPING COUGH is promptly relieved by this Expectorant. It shortens the duration of the disease one-half, and greatly mitigates the sufferings of the patient.

In all PULMONARY COMPLAINTS, in CROUP, PLEURISY, &c., it will be found to be prompt, safe, pleasant and reliable, and may be especially commended to MINISTERS, TEACHERS, and SINGERS, for the relief of Hoarseness, and for strengthening the organs of the voice.

This EXPECTORANT and all of *Jayne's Family Medicines*, are prepared only by DR. D. JAYNE & SON, 242 Chestnut street, and may be had of Agents throughout the country. ap 13-tf

---

"WHY STAND YE ALL THE DAY IDLE?"

ANY PERSON (Lady or Gentleman,) in the United States, possessing a small capital of from $3 to $7, can enter into an easy and respectable business, by which from $5 to $10 PER DAY CAN BE REALIZED. For particulars, address (with stamp,) ACTON & CO.,
oct30-tf 37 North Sixth St., Philada.

Wit and Humor.

NOT IN THE STATUTES.

Judge C——, of Vermont, was fond of a joke, when it could be "done" without special injury to public or individual rights.

On one occasion, as he was travelling toward the southern part of the State, to hold a term of court in the county of W——, he came to a public house where a Justice's court was in session. As it was late, and the weather cold and wet, he concluded to put up for the night. Sending his horse to the stable, he entered the bar-room, which he found crowded with people, who seemed greatly excited about the case on trial. He had thrown off his outer garments, and was composing himself before a good old-fashioned blazing fire, when a young man came up to him, and bowing respectfully, asked his assistance in the case.

"The evidence," said he, "is all agin me; but they say your honor is death on desperit cases, and mine ain't so bad as it might be, after all."

Upon inquiry, the Judge learned that his applicant had been arrested for wantonly upsetting a churn of sap in his neighbor's sugar-lot. The youngster had been caught in the very act by two respectable witnesses; and thus the evidence was, as he said, "clear agin him."

After hearing all the facts, the Judge informed him that he was really a desperate case; but he added—

"I will watch the progress of the trial, and if an opportunity presents itself, I will help you."

Accordingly he threw open the door leading from his apartment to the room where the trial was going on, and sat a careless spectator of the proceedings.

The counsel for the State put in his testimony, and proved the charge conclusively. Therefore the magistrate turned upon the respondent, and, with a stern voice, asked him if he had "got anything to say to all this 'ere evidential testimony?"

The prisoner was dumb, but looked imploringly toward the Judge, who at once arose and approached the table at which the Justice was sitting.

"You needn't think you can do any kinder good here, for the mind of this court is entirely made up about this consarn, that I can tell ye, mister."

"May it please your honor," said the Judge, bowing very gracefully, "it is no doubt true that the charge made against the respondent is fully sustained by the testimony. I do not deny it; but, for all that, he has a defence."

"A defence! what on earth is it?" growled the court.

"And, your honor, it is this: I profess to know a little about law, having practiced more than thirty years past, especially the statute-laws of Vermont. Now, your honor, I may be mistaken; but I am confident there is nothing in the statute-books of Vermont against upsetting either an empty churn or a churn full of sap. I beg of the court not to rely upon my word; but if your honor is not satisfied upon this point, I would recommend an examination of the statutes."

The counsel for the State rose to reply.

"Stop! stop!" vociferated the court, "this p'int must be settled before we move another inch."

And, thereupon, seizing the statute book, and turning to the index, he began searching under the letter C for the word Churn. Not finding it, he next looked under S for Sap. Not finding "Sap," he continued his search under the title of U for Upsetting. Still unsuccessful, he looked under the title "Crimes and Misdemeanors." Finally, he rummaged the book from beginning to end, and finding it silent upon the subject of "upsetting churns," he arose, and addressing the prisoner, said—

"Young man, this 'ere court is satisfied that there ain't nothin' in the laws of Vermont agin tippin' over a churn full of sap. There ain't nothin' about churns any way—nor sap, nuther. But I want ye should remember one thing—that this 'ere court has made up its mind that it's a shame that there's so many maple trees in the State, and no law agin' tippin' over sap."

Whereupon the prisoner was released.

Vital Religion.—Lord Brougham, whose eccentricities and tergiversations are as notorious as his versatile talents, once figured in a scene which was equally characteristic and amusing. His lordship, though not so hard a swearer as the profane Lord Thurlow, of infamous memory, is by no means free from the vice, and on one occasion, meeting a deputation of Scotch Dissenters, he exclaimed, "Gentlemen, but for dissent there would be no vital religion—no vital religion." At the same time he was trying to force a door in absence of the key, and getting very angry, he burst it in with his foot, exclaiming, (first in a vehement, then in a solemn tone, but without pause,) "D—n that fellow! where the d—l has he gone with the key?—no vital religion, gentlemen, no vital religion." The astonishment of the Puritans may be guessed.

Optional.—A Bladensburg correspondent tells us of an officer in one of the volunteer regiments stationed there:—Finding that offences against good discipline were getting to be entirely too numerous, he established a court-martial for the trial and judgment of offenders, and issued the following order: "If the court-martial exonerates an offender, then the officer of the day will punish him in such manner as he may think proper—hand cuffing or tying to a fence."

A minister who had preached a very long and not very lively sermon, thinking his eloquence gave him a title to complain of his fatigue, said, on coming down from his pulpit, to his deacon:

"Oh, deacon, I am so tired!"

"And have you no pity for us?" replied the deacon.

IKE PARTINGTON'S VACATION.

Hill-Top, July 31, 1861.

Dear Bob:—Bully for vacation. I'm having the tip-toppest time you ever see. Uncle Nathe was as glad to see me as he could be for he's a cross old curmudgeon, and makes the boys toe the mark, I tell you. He said he hoped I'd be good, and I said I shouldn't be anything else. He whispered something to Aunt Hetty, and looked at me, but I didn't seem to mind it. He's got a new horse that is very old, and pretends he can't go along unless you push him with a whip. It is all sham, for I stuck a brad into a stick and touched him with it, and he went like smoke. He kicked his hind heels through the dasher, broke the wagon and landed me and Bill into the ditch. Uncle Nathe said he couldn't see what had got into the beast, but I guess it was the brad, though I thought it wasn't best to mention it.

We had a flag-raising here yesterday. It was big fun, you'd better believe. We hadn't any flag; so I got one of Aunt Hetty's sheets, and painted a blue square in the corner with her indigo bag and chalked out some stars; then I got Uncle Nathe's pot of red paint that he marks his sheep with, and made some elegant stripes, and the flag was done. We took a bran new cod-line of Uncle Nathe's for halyards, then cut down a nice little maple for a pole, and nailed it up on the barn. One of the neighbors went down and told Uncle Nathe what we were doing, and he came up from the meadow as mad as a hop. I see by the way he acted that he was a seceshioner. He took down the flag that we had consecrated, and I couldn't stand it, so I made him a speech, and told him that the flag he had pulled down was the emblem of our right to do as we pleased, and he had better be careful how he trifled with the spirit of liberty. I'd better not said it, because all of us boys had to go to bed without our supper that night, and Aunt Hetty gave us a great talking to about the sheet. What a fuss folks make about trifles.

But we had some fine fun next day with Uncle Nathe. He's got a big white rooster, that he sets everything by. So we caught him and colored one of his wings blue and the other red, and he looked as fine as anything you ever saw. The hens didn't know what to make of him, and they all seceded. When Uncle Nathe come home the first thing he saw was his crower, who got up on the woodpile and yelled "Yankee Doodle do," as loud as he could bawl. Uncle Nathe didn't know what to think of it at first, but when he saw the fun of the thing he didn't laugh any.

I wish you was up here; if you were we would train round some, I guess. There's plenty of berries, and lots of birds, and Uncle Nathe has got a gun and two pounds of powder, and there's a boat in the pond, and fine fishing, and everything to make a fellow comfortable. Can't you steal away and come up here, and make 'em think you've gone to the war? Yours in clover,

Ike Partington.

—*Sat. Evening Gazette.*

Could not Fool Him.—They had a smart boy, named Billy, in one of the Minnesota regiments in Missouri, who boasted that he couldn't be fooled while on sentry duty, as some of the other boys had been. One night the officer of the day was making his rounds, to see that the men were at their posts, and also to try their steadiness on duty. He attempted to pass Billy, but a thundering "Halt!" stopped him.

"Who goes there?"

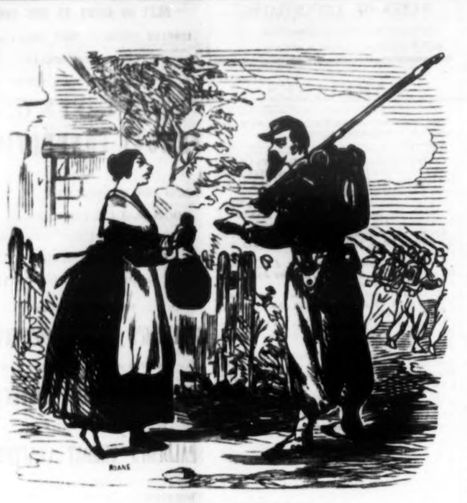
"Officer of the day."

"What in thunder is the officer of the day doing around this time o' night?" yelled Billy, triumphantly. And in spite of the password, repeatedly given, he held the officer at a "charge bayonet," until the sergeant of the guard happened along, and corrected Billy's blunder, and released the prisoner.

Personal Description of Gen. McClellan.

General McClellan's face is not familiar to the public yet, and at the "Press" interview at his quarters in Washington, recently, he made his entrance amongst the gathering of newspaper men, and was proceeding in quiet conversational tones to unfold his views upon the subject matter of the meeting, quite unrecognized by the majority present. In fact, his five-feet-five proportions were completely lost in the group; and a widening of the ring was instantly proposed by the outsiders, ostensibly that they might better hear what he was saying, but quite apparently that they might get a fair look at the "coming man." He is of almost boyish appearance, (looking twenty-five, but probably ten years older,) is of Napoleonic figure, slightly inclined to fulness about the waistband; has a good head, firmly planted by a neck of bovine force upon ample shoulders; hair snugly cropped, but not filed, ruddy and brown complexion, blue eyes, (to the best of our belief, standing as he did back to the light,) nose springing from his forehead at a sufficient angle to indicate character, clean cut chin, and a mouth the lines of which indicate good-humor and firmness in about equal proportions.

In dress he might readily pass for a private soldier of the Rhode Island "persuasion," wearing blouse and pants of blue wool, shoulder strapless, vestless, and with the blue of the blouse so sweated through upon his linen by the hot day's work, that it was hard telling whether the McClellan shirt was a blue one faded or a white one discolored. General McClellan is not fluent of speech apparently, and doubtless doesn't care to be. That there is some little fun in his composition was apparent at the interview; and on the suggestion being made that the pictorial papers should be severely talked to for giving representations of our military works and operations, he seemed to think that they could be safely left alone, as quite as likely to confound as to instruct the enemy.—*Washington Star.*



WHY SHOULDN'T HE?

Country Girl.—Volunteer, will you please take this ham to my cousin; he belongs to the 21st Regiment. You are from the 22nd—it is quite near.

Obliging Zouave.—Oh, yes; certainly—of course! —*Vanity Fair.*

THE ARMY SUTLER.

The sutler's tent is the same in all camps I have ever visited. Be it understood, for the benefit of those who are uninformed, that the sutler is the merchant of the regiment. He sells lemonade—tobacco, in papers and plugs—cigars, of cabbage and tobacco—red herrings, crackers, and molasses cakes. He would sell whiskey if he dared. This tent is always lumbered up with barrels and boxes, and at the customers' end of it, a board across two pork barrels does duty for a counter. Here the men come in crowds, every hour in the day, to get some little delicacy, (after salt fat pork and no vegetables, with the sun at 98 deg., even molasses cakes are a delicacy) to eat, or for a glass of cool lemonade to drink and make much of.

As the regiments are mostly supplied with water from muddy springs of their own digging, (to prevent poisoning by our amiable Virginia neighbors), and as the sutler generally has the only ice in camp, a glass of even sutler's lemonade is a most grateful beverage under the torrid circumstances.

The currency used with the sutler is pasteboard tickets, representing respectively the value of 5 cents, 10 cents, or 25 cents, payable in goods at the sutler's store. When a soldier desires to enter into commercial negotiations with the sutler, and has no money wherewith to achieve that mercantile desideratum, he naturally concludes to anticipate some portion of his pay. He therefore obtains from his captain a printed order on the paymaster for one dollar or more, as the case may be, which is signed by himself, of course, as drawer of the order, and is then countersigned by the captain, as a guaranty that the sum of money called for in the order is actually due the man. This document is now negotiable, and the sutler will take it, and give for its "face," not in money, but in tickets, which are simply due-bills on himself, which he binds himself to redeem in goods.

As the goods are sold at his own prices, and as the tickets must eventually all find their way to his establishment, it follows that the office of Regimental Sutler usually pays better than that of Major General. When pay-day comes round, the men, having spent all their "tickets," have, as a general rule, little interest in the paymaster. The sutler presents all the orders for pay which are in his possession, and from the paymaster receives the gold. This whole system is a very objectionable one, and the French plan of paying the soldiers every ten days would be an infinite improvement. As it is, the men do the work, and dare the danger, while the sutler pockets the lion's, or rather the sutler's, part of it.

All the sutlers' stores, or tents, are alike—are always thronged, and always make money. There is usually a rear entrance for the officers, who are thus admitted behind the counter, and occasionally a sportive Major takes a fancy to ride a frolicsome horse in at the back door, and a smashing sensation is the result.

But the whole sutler arrangement is bad, though it is so intimately connected with the system of army payments, that a reform touching only the sutler's department would be but half skin-deep.

THE RE-UNION—WOMANLY DEVELOPMENT.

She was a beautiful girl when she stood at the altar seventeen years ago, with the orange buds quivering above her fair brow, while the soft intelligent eye dropped tears of affection, as she bade farewell to father, mother, sisters and home, and with him whom she had chosen from all the world beside, as her companion, went forth to take new cares and new duties, new loves and hopes, for all time to come.

Yes, she was beautiful, as the world estimates beauty: wealth had warded from her hands all the strivings of necessity, and parental love swept all clouds and sadness away ere they left their stain upon her face. One whispered me as we stood looking upon her that day:

"Ah! me, a few years will pale her cheeks, when a half-dozen pairs of lips cry mother! mother! when cares press heavily, when sorrow bows her, the beauty will all be gone. She will look no better than the rest of us. Oh! if girls would only be wise."

I turned away from this croaking, and took the last look at the beautiful face as it passed from my sight.

Seventeen years; it seems like a long time. Each year made up of three hundred and sixty-five days, and each day of twenty-four hours. Once, twice, thrice, has the beautiful girl, transformed into a matron, crossed my path, and for a moment we have clasped hands, and looked into each other's eyes, and inquired briefly into each other's welfare. But to-day we met: to-day we sat down face to face, and looked back over the past. We asked questions, we sought out the central points of each other's lives. The beautiful bride of seventeen years ago, is the cheerful matron, the proud mother of seven children to-day, standing among them like the centre rose of the cluster, the only one full blown, giving her grace and beauty to every opening bud.

Has she faded? is she broken? despoiled? No; she is developed, matured; every grace is added to, not taken from; there are lines of care on her brow, but they are the foot-prints of duty and love. There are shadings not seen in her girlhood; for deeper thought, more earnest aspiration, and holier emotion have been at work, chiseling their impress since those girlish days.

To my eye the proudest beauty of her young years was flimsy and sickly compared with that which glows from her face to-day. What had she done then? Only sported like a butterfly upon the morning breeze, sipping sweets from every flower blossoming in her path. Now what hath she not done? She hath been racked with pain, that she might learn the value of life, and received her compensation ten-fold in the freshness of young existence around her. She has had cares, but every one brought with it a pleasure. She has had sorrows, but each worked out for her a good, and brought to life's surface some faculty that might have lain latent till its power would have been useless.

The apple tree in its affluence of bloom, in the May day, charms our eye, and delights with its fragrance; possibly we may wish to pluck a cluster for the vase on our mantel, or to twine in our hair, as we pass it by. But when the autumn comes, when each branch has answered to the spring-time prophecy, and bends with its weight of ripening fruit, then it is grand to our eyes, and we stretch out our hands beseechingly, and would fain share its treasures, for in them there is health and life. The springtime beauty gives us pleasure, but the autumn richness brings both pleasure and content.—*Field Notes.*

☞ Doubts may weaken a strong position, but *re*doubts always strengthen a weak one.

☞ **Making the Thing Even.**—We can get the Southern *wool* if we can't get their cotton.

☞ Men wounded by the explosion of bombshells, are wounded *mortarly.*

Agricultural.

THE BAROMETER.

Too much is usually expected from everything new. The barometer has been much lauded of late, as a sure indicator of the state of the weather; but the farmer who places implicit reliance on its indications, will surely be disappointed. To the farmer who is able to have one, I would say, buy it. It will prove a valuable aid to you in judging of the state of the weather. For several years I have watched its results with reference to the farmer, but my conclusions are somewhat different from those of published accounts. The following are a few of them:

If I see the barometer falling and the sky is overcast, I do not expect good hay weather. Although it may not rain, it rarely clears away under such circumstances. If I see the barometer falling rapidly, I expect to see rain, or wind, or both. I saved a couple of tons of hay the last summer from a smart shower by a forewarning of this kind, besides notifying my nearest neighbor of the same thing. When I see the barometer rising rapidly, no matter what the appearance of the sky may be, I am quite sure there will be no rain, and I can safely go to mowing in the shade of a thick cloud, while my neighbors are in doubt. This I regard as the most valuable practical point to the farmer. On a lowering day the farmer knows that if he should mow down several tons of hay, he might lose many dollars by the operation. But if it should clear away, his several tons of grass already mown will be in fine condition for the barn before another rain.

I have noticed showers when the barometer was high, without any change whatever. The farmer cannot expect a plough, however well constructed, to go without a team, nor must he expect too much from the barometer.—*Dr. True's Address.*

KILL THE MILLERS.

The following, from a farmer in New Jersey, may be of interest to many. He says:

Some ten years ago I purchased the property where I now live. The former owner, being quite a man for fruit, had set out a large variety of trees. The farm was noted for producing more fruit, and a greater variety, probably, than any other farm in the neighborhood.

At the time of my purchase the trees were on the decline. The cherry and plum trees were covered with black knots, and the fruit was wormy and worthless, so that I was about to cut them down and supply their places with shade trees; but disliking to part with the fruit, and observing that the enemies were at one stage of their existence in the form of millers, my plan was to destroy them while in that state. With that object in view, and observing that they were fond of a light, in the early part of the summer of 1855, I commenced their destruction. To do this I elevated a brisk blaze about five feet from the ground in the vicinity of my trees. The first night the millers destroyed might have been counted by hundreds, which gradually diminished, so that at the end of one week, there were none to destroy. I then discontinued my fire until the latter part of the summer, when I discovered another crop of millers, and again built them a blaze. I have followed the same course whenever the candles have drawn them, to give them a light of their own, which has been twice in the summer. Now for the result: My trees have gradually resumed their former rich green; those knots have fallen from the cherry and plum trees; and this year the crop of Morella cherries has been probably as large as they ever were, and that on trees that were considered worthless five years since, and the fruit, both cherries and plums, not wormy.

Skimming Milk.—Our women have a way of taking off the cream without the use of the skimmer. They use a knife only. They run the knife around the milk in the pan, to separate the cream from the sides of the pan. Then they set the bottom of the milk-pan at the edge, on the rim of the cream-pan, then with the left hand elevate one side of the milk-pan so that the cream, with the help of the knife in the right hand, will run off into the cream-pan. After a little practice, it is done very quickly, and saves both time and cream.—*S. L. Wattles, in Country Gentleman.*

Useful Receipts.

Cheap Food.—A writer in one of the eastern papers, says that probably not one farmer in fifty knows what excellent, hearty, wholesome food he can have directly from the wheat field, stack, or barn. He says:—The writer's family breakfasted this morning, July 20th, mainly upon boiled wheat. Boiled wheat and wheat gravy. Boiled wheat and milk. Boiled wheat and maple sugar. Not wheat flour, nor wheaten groats, nor cracked wheat, but whole grains of wheat, shelled from the best heads, as the larger the better, and soaked in coal water two or three hours, and then boiled in the same water one or two hours, or until it is quite soft, and the water all absorbed. It should be cooked while other culinary operations are going on, as it needs to boil or simmer on a slow fire a good while, and care must be taken at the last that it does not burn. To prevent this it may be finished off in a sand bath, that is a pan of heated sand, or in a pan of water, or in a tin kettle set upon a thick earthen plate on a stove; or in a stove oven with all the heat over the top. How easy for our soldiers to have a change in the eternal bread and salt meat rations, if they may be allowed to glean a few wheat heads from the "sacred soil" of the enemy, and boil the grains in their camp kettles! How convenient would this little item of knowledge in domestic cooking be to the wife of many a farmer, who would gladly get up an extra dish for the tired harvest hands! Try it. How many families are this day living on short allowance, right alongside of a wheat field, or with grain in stack or barn near the house, because they cannot get it ground, the mill being dried up or broken down, or occupied by "the army," or suffering a collapse, so that no grinding can be had!

To Make Hens Lay.—I send you a good recipe for making hens lay:—Take some oats and boil them until soft; then fry them in hot fat, and you will have any quantity of eggs.—*Prairie Farmer.*

A Bread Pudding.—1 quart milk, 4 eggs, ½ pound dried currants, a few slices stale bread, 1 teaspoon salt. Bake in a quick oven ½ hour. Eat it with sauce. Another way is to put alternate slices of apple and bread, and bake.

Custard Pudding.—Beat the yolks of 4 eggs smooth, adding, (little by little,) 1 quart milk, scant. Sweeten to taste; a pinch of salt, slice stale bread very thin, spread butter over it, then nutmeg, and lay on the top. Bake till custard is thick. [Salt enriches any kind of custard or batter; put in tea-spoonful to 2 quarts.]

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 54 letters.

My 1, 14, 26, 4, 31, is a county in Iowa.

My 8, 3, 34, 27, 2, 12, 54, is one of the United States.

My 50, 24, 20, 21, 46, 51, is a town in Minnesota.

My 28, 2, 47, 14, 6, 29, 5, is a county in Illinois.

My 13, 25, 51, 23, 17, 31, is a river in Texas.

My 37, 49, 54, 33, 22, 38, 45, is a county in Iowa.

My 11, 36, 53, 30, is a lake in the United States.

My 41, 39, 25, 4, 32, is a city in Italy.

My 10, 51, 42, 35, 22, 41, 44, is a city in Iowa.

My 14, 7, 38, 39, 20, is a river in France.

My 19, 16, 9, 31, 22, 5, 25, is a city in England.

My 15, 6, 54, 48, is a county in Missouri.

My 18, 39, 29, 41, 21, 52, is a city in Illinois.

My 43, 30, 43, 8, 40, is a lake in the Northern States.

My whole is the name and residence of a contributor to the Post.

Dubuque. A. C.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in white but not in black,
My 2nd is in head but not in back,
My 3rd is in sun but not in star,
My 4th is in pitch but not in tar,
My 5th is in cat but not in dog,
My 6th is in toad but not in frog,
My 7th is in tin but not in lead,
My 8th is in flour but not in bread,
My 9th is in ring but not in toll,
Every one ought to have my whole.

Newport, R. I. CHAS. COTRELL.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is used on the field of battle,
Is used at night for sheltering,
My second may be found in a chapel,
And makes a great clattering.
Now guess my whole if you can,
As a general he was a great man.

SAMUEL LAIRD.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A and B dig a ditch one hundred yards long for $100. Each man receives $50. A gets 25 cts. per yard more for his work than B. How much does each man dig of the ditch and the amount per yard?

☞ An answer is requested.

ANAGRAMS ON RIVERS IN EUROPE.

Den Tiers.
U-dig-anaa.
R-Bible.
Pen-dier.
Eat-Grouse.
Sire.
Charm.
Git-a-leman-to.
La-din.
An-Il-go-garl.
O-ae-bald-rat.
Vase.

SAMUEL LAIRD.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Suppose there was a hawk 300 miles due south of Philadelphia, an eagle 500 miles due north of Philadelphia, and a pigeon at Philadelphia. They all commenced flying at once. The pigeon flew directly east. The hawk flew directly towards the pigeon at the rate of 60 miles an hour. The eagle flew directly towards the hawk continually at the rate of 70 miles an hour. And the eagle caught the hawk at the same instant the hawk caught the pigeon. Required—The nature of the curves described by the hawk and eagle, the hourly speed of the pigeon, and the distance each had flown when the hawk and pigeon were caught.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A merchant mixed 120 pounds of sugar, at 9 cents per pound, with 160 pounds of sugar, at 6 cents per pound—how many pounds of 5 cent sugar can he yet mix with the mass, to enable him to sell the whole for 7 cents per pound, and gain $1.00 on the mixture. JUNIOR.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a tooth drawn like a thing forgotten? Ans.—It is out of the head.

☞ Why is a room full of married people empty? Ans.—Because there's not a single person in it.

☞ When is a man like a cannon-ball? Ans.—When he looks *round.*

☞ **A Soldier's Con.**—What day in spring is a command to go ahead? Ans.—March *fourth.*

☞ What evidence have we that Adam used sugar? Ans.—He raised Cain.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA—Civil war in the United States. CHARADE—Rattan. RIDDLE—Wretchedness. DOUBLE REBUS.—Pyrenees, in Europe, (Pueblo Ferrio, Ythens, Rome, Eylau, Namur, Edinboro, Encamp, Segre.)

Answer to Geographical Problem by A. S. Stuver, published July 20th. Side of triangle 108.253175 yds. DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Answer to same by D. O. D. 108 yds. 9 in.

Answer to Problem by Subscriber, published Aug. 3rd. The shorter or butt piece of board 1.75735931 feet. The longer piece 4.24264069 feet. DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Answer to same by D. O. B. Shorter piece 1.4142 feet. Longer piece 4.2426 feet.

Answer to Artemas Martin's Algebraical Problem published July 13th. The numbers are 1, 2, 4, 8, and 16. D. DIEFENBACH.

Answer to Problem by D. Diefenbach, published June 15. The bullets are nearly 4 inches in diameter. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

The answer to my Problem of June 8, given by N. P. Blakeslee in the Post of July 20, is not correct. My answer is as follows:—Height of eagle when shot, 269.163223 feet; and the *curve* described by its fall is a *parabola.*

I also send the Answer to my Problem published June 1:—There will be poured out 6119.5139 cubic inches of the water.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ In England ladies don't allow themselves to be put on the shelf quite as soon as ours. They are not supposed to reach the full bloom of maturity until forty, an age at which all true judges think their charms XL.